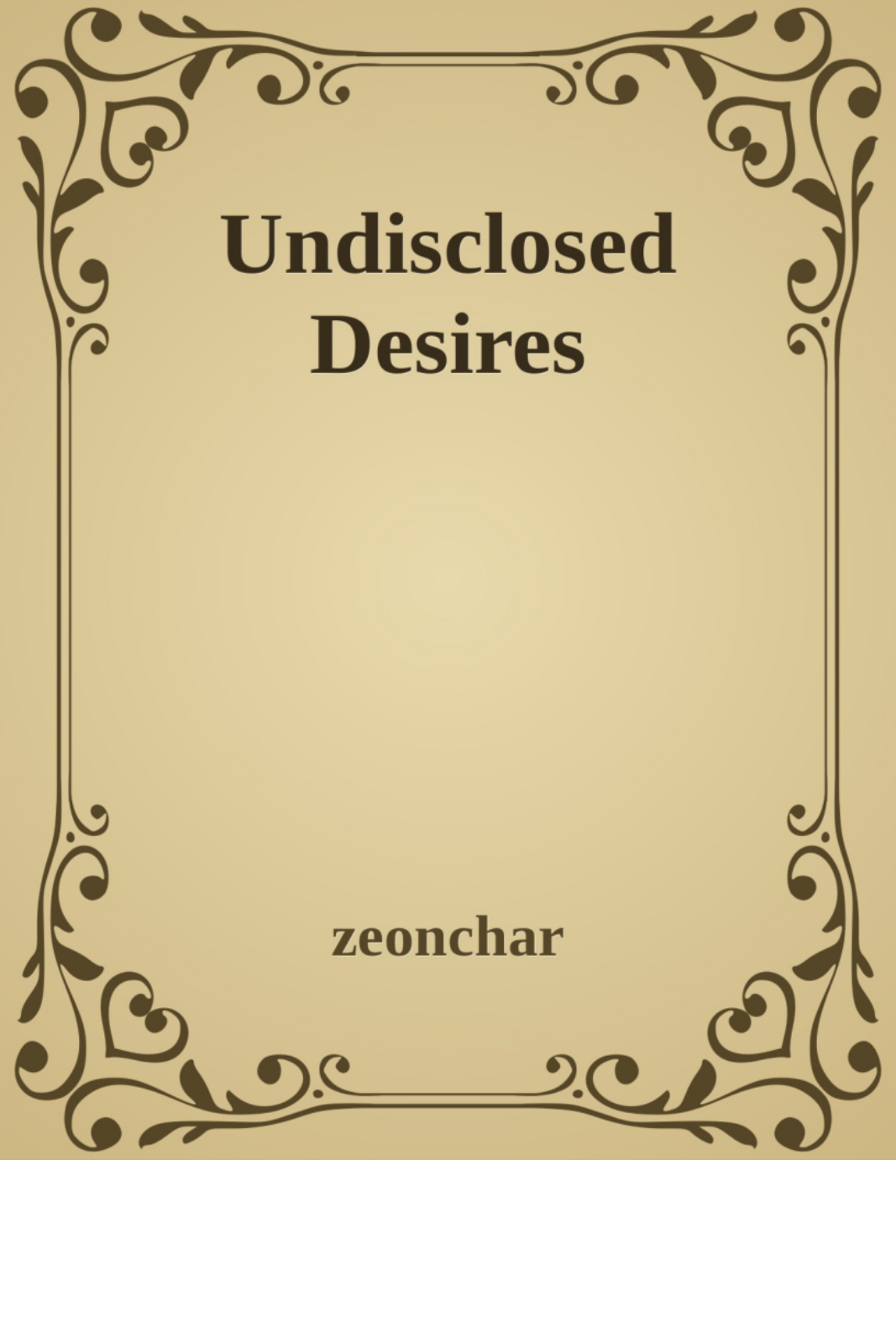


A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a dark brown color, framing the entire page.

Undisclosed Desires

zeonchar

Undisclosed Desires by zeonchar

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Anal Fingering, Anal Play, Anger, Blood, F/M, Human Form, Knotting, Magic dick, Pain, Pettywise, Power Play, Tentacle Rape, This is probably a little fucked up, Werewolf Sex, magic tongue

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Beverly Marsh/Pennywise (It)

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Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con, Underage

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Summary:

Beverly Marsh finally defies her father, but what will she do when she's taken by IT? (Begin reading Ch. 4 to skip any of the underage stuff).

1. Sewer

Summary for the Chapter:

IT takes Beverly to the sewers.

Beverly Marsh stood panting over the unconscious, bloody body of her father who was sprawled out on the bathroom floor, his head leaking crimson fluids. Her heart shuddered in her chest as she dropped the rest of the porcelain toilet lid and turned to leave. A hand wrapped around her throat and she froze, eyes going wide.

He had returned.

No...

IT had returned.

"Time to float," the clown said cheerily, his bottom lip turning down as the sides of his plump, cherry-stained lips curled upwards into a cruel grin.

His grip tightened around her bare throat, the skin blanching underneath his digging fingers.

Hands which flew up to meet the attacker's assault were now frozen in place as Beverly's heart thudded maddeningly in its rib cage.

Thump, thump, thump...

The clown's eyes began to glow white-hot and silvery, his pupils never leaving hers. She sucked in air through her constricted airway.

Thump, thump, thump...

Why did it have to end this way? She wanted more than anything to be in the safety of her friend's arms. She was stupid for thinking that it couldn't get her in here. Panic took over and she kicked her feet out, writhing and wriggling in his death-hold on her. Drool pooled at the edge of his mouth and began to fall in a thin but viscous line.

Thump, thump, thump...

"Time to sleep," the clown whispered to her in hushed tones and she suddenly came to the realization that the metal spike she shoved through his eye did no lasting damage at all.

She began to feel drowsy, but fought off the feeling. Not this way!

Thump... thump...

The clown let out a low, guttural chuckle and pursed his lips, as if in anticipation of something.

"No," She replied, her throat hoarse. "No!"

"Time to die." His tone was flat and felt like rocks scraping over the ground to her ears. His eyes glowed brighter, hotter, and she started spinning and slipping down into them as if falling into a long, bottomless well.

Thump...

Darkness crept in at the edges of her vision as she continued to fall and spin, further and further down.

The darkness overtook her as her mind slid into oblivion and the clown's shrill laughter filled her ears and echoed throughout her mind.

... thump ...

The darkness receded and the first thing Beverly heard was the sound of dripping water all around her. She turned over in her bed, wanting to return to blissful sleep, but the damnable water sound invaded her senses. Had she left the tap on in the bathroom?

The smell of mildewy rot invaded her nose and she involuntarily scrunched it, turning again, the darkness beginning to lift.

The dripping became louder and she groaned, suddenly seeing the

bathroom at home, as if in a vision, its walls covered in thick blood that dripped on the floor. So that's what that noise was, she reasoned, wanting to retreat back into the darkness.

Wait, hadn't they cleaned it? Her and the rest of the Loser's Club, that is? The bathroom in her mind appeared spotless again and she felt more at ease.

"Beverly..." a gurgling voice choked out and she looked down at her father's body on the tile floor, head mangled and bashed-in by a porcelain toilet lid. A wide pool of red blood encompassed his head and even more blood dripped down into the puddle from his ears, mouth, and nose.

She shuddered as the dripping grew ever louder and she backed away. A high-pitch chuckle echoed from behind and she found herself becoming more aware. She wasn't at home; she wasn't in bed; she wasn't in bed at all!

Beverly jerked upright, eyes flying open wide, and coughed at the acrid stench in her nose. She expelled it from her airways, but it assaulted her again and again, that cackle echoing and fading.

She was in a large chamber. It was dark and damp, with water running from the walls and dripping from all sorts of places into puddles on the floor. She looked up at the distant bars of a grate and knew she was underground. Only a thin sliver of light penetrated this deep.

The mountain of trash suddenly came into view as she lowered her head and she gasped. She could barely make out the individual pieces, but from what she could see, it seemed like this was a collection of over a hundred years of Derry's trash, all piled up down here in this fetid place.

She needed to get out and get out fast.

She jumped to her feet, but her head spun from the lasting effects of the slumber she was put under and she fell into rank sludge beneath her.

Breathe. Think. Collect yourself Bev, she told herself.

She rose again, more steady, and panned her head around for an escape route. She spied two large iron doors on the wall and rushed to them, struggling with the latch, as years of rust had glued them shut.

She heard a noise behind her and spun a head around. Buried inside the mound of trash was an old-looking circus wagon emblazoned with a clown. Worn paint proclaimed that the clown was called Pennywise the Dancing Clown, but the picture looked nothing like the nightmare who had kidnapped her.

An oddly-new looking Jack-in-the-Box sprung and the side of the wagon fell down, unfurling a show before her. Dark clouds and fire set the stage and suddenly he was there. IT was there. The sounds of a Calliope were drug out of hell itself, sounding broken and haunting as the clown began to dance. Every time his feet hit the floor, they sent out a rattling boom and her head began to spin again, feeling dizzy and nauseous.

No! She fought the feeling off, steadying herself on her feet. Fuck whatever this is! Her mind screamed. I'm through with this bullshit!

She propelled herself from the door with speed, a new courage finding her and giving her speed. She aimed for a large pipe across the way, one she knew she could fit through and ran with all her might.

There was a blur of motion from the corner of her eye and suddenly IT was in front of her, both hands around her neck this time. His eyes glowed with hatred and he unleashed a deep, primal scream as he pulled her in.

She wanted to shout, she wanted to cry, she wanted to piss herself in terror, but a calm fell over her that steeled her heart. The inhuman horrors rapped at the door, but could gain no entrance.

"I'm not afraid of you," Beverly spat into the face of the clown.

A slight twinge of something fell over his face, for just a split-second,

but it was there, undoubtedly she had caught it. Was it confusion? Perplexity? Mayhap something else?

His hands tightened even further and she was sure he was beginning to choke the life out of her.

He drew her the closest she had ever been to the abnormal being. She caught his eyes, thick and yellow with tinges of red seeping into the edges, and he inhaled deeply. She saw his painted red nose twitch and he let up for just a second, turning away and convulsing, as if choking on something.

When his gaze met hers again, she could tell he was furious.

“YOU WILL BE.”

She struggled and pawed at his hands, desperately trying to break free. He had lifted her high up off the ground and left her feet dangling in the air. His vice-grip around her neck was making her eyes water and her trachea go numb.

Then the clown went stomping away with her, still holding her in the air in front of him. She looked in horror as his teeth changed into sharp razor-blades and his irises began to bleed red into yellow. She had seen this look once before, in Niebolt house when she had shoved a spike through the side of the monster’s head.

He pounded up the side of the trash heap and entered the wagon cart. The clown drew her in close, flipping Beverly in the air and then threw her face first into the wagon. She landed with a thud and skidded across the wooden floor. Her ribs felt bruised as she sucked in a painful breath.

A hand slammed into Beverly’s back, crushing her into the floor and knocking the wind out of her as another hand tore off her leggings and shredded her panties beneath leaving only her thin baby-doll dress top and a naked ass exposed to the pungent wind.

Her mind went blank. Out of all the horrors she imagined from this creature, this was not one of them. From her father? Yes, most definitely, but not from the clown. This kind of terror was usually

reserved for the real world. This? The reality had yet to set in.

“Oh, this is most definitely real,” a gravelly voice growled behind her. Something had changed in its timbre, it was no longer an approximation of a human voice, it was now something else.

One of the hands moved up her back and secured her neck in place, pressing the side of her face into the boards. Another hand grabbed her left hip and with great force and slammed her buttocks backwards, impaling her on something thick, ridged, and slimy.

She gasped and shuddered. Beverly had never been penetrated before, hell, she didn't even have a good grasp on human anatomy and in her shock she wondered how far in that thing was inside of her.

Her toes curled and her flesh became prickly and she pushed herself up on her elbows, trying to find a better position to accommodate such a large presence inside of her. Part of her felt like this was not actually happening to her. She was dreaming, wasn't she? This was all a bad dream.

The hand slammed her face back into the boards and she gasped, either from the dazing effect of her head hitting the floor or the way the clown's cock retreated and then slammed into her again, sending a force of pain and... pleasure? Through her.

He pulled back and slammed into her again. She could feel his erection all the way in her lower abdomen as a tingling chill spread out from that area.

“Oh God...” she uttered without realization and the entity behind her let out an inhuman noise that sounded more like the growl of some animal.

The left hand that had dug into her hip and left her bleeding slammed into the boards beside her head. It was bigger now, a lot bigger, and so was the arm connected to it. Claws had sprouted from the fingertips and she watched in vague dread as the white glove ripped and fur began to sprout. It split exactly down the middle as the hair and the hand connected to it grew and then traveled up its

arm.

The thing began fucking her at a regular pace, each thrust of its monster cock (in both size and classification) sent fireworks to each tip of her body. She gasped again and the hand that was forcing her down into the boards lifted and slammed down next to her right side. She knew she couldn't escape now even if she wanted to. There was no way she could extricate herself from the giant, seeping shaft that filled her to bursting.

The clown--fuck, was it even a clown anymore?--was panting and slobbering on her back like some sort of dog. Thick gobs of saliva hit her and ran down her neck and back as she shuddered and wiggled in agony... or was it ecstasy?

His shadow had grown considerably over her and she knew he was quite large now as growls escaped his mouth and his claws dug into the boards, splintering them underneath. He pushed in and she cried out (In pain? In pleasure?) as the cock grew more bulbous at the base, stretching her to her limit as it entered her. In the back of her mind, she was sure it was tearing her open, but she didn't care about that now because each thrust caused Beverly to scream and cry as a feeling grew inside of her. Every part of her body felt on fire and it started from the tip of his dick and coursed through her veins. Her mind clouded over and even the panic she felt at the sight of the claws gouging out the wood next to her face subsided and nothing but the pleasure took over.

It wasn't supposed to feel this way, was it? She heard that her first time was supposed to be bloody and painful, well, this was certainly going to be bloody, but the intense pleasure she felt was overtaking any of the momentary pain she had felt. She almost forgot she was being fucked by a monster as she felt her hips rise to meet the slick intruder that was pounding into her pussy; an intruder that was owned by an animal that was grunting and growling and slobbering all over her back.

Beverly didn't know what was happening when she screamed out and came hard on the clown's quivering dick. She had never felt an orgasm before. Sure, she had thought of Bill Denbrough and touched herself at night, but the fear of being found out by her father and the

shame she felt over her body due to its unwanted attention kept her from ever going the full length. Maybe she was dying now. This beast was killing her and she was dying, she was sure of it. But this was an awfully fantastic way to die.

She slammed herself back and down hard on the clown's cock over and over as she quivered and mewled and rode out the waves of her orgasm. Her slick juices were now intermingled with the clown's own and dripped generously from her pussy to stain the wagon's floor as she screamed and convulsed over and over for what felt like eternity.

The clown let out a choking laugh that didn't sound like anything resembling a human voice.

"Naughty, naughty, girl," he taunted her, but she couldn't find the strength or presence of mind to care.

The thing bent over her as it kept thrusting and she felt something thick and slimy touch the back of her neck, sending prickling chills over her skin and spreading from head to toe. The slimy rope wrapped itself around her neck, pulling her head upwards and choking her lightly. She came to an uncomfortable realization that it was the creature's tongue as the clown removed it and flicked it over her right ear, eliciting a gasp from her. It wrapped around her neck again and she felt her pleasure starting to rise once more.

"How about I make you come for me again, little girl?" The creature spoke and growled and slobbered at the same time.

She was losing herself in the pleasure when she felt something other than the creature's cock wriggle over her backside. What was that? She felt a jolt go through her as something prodded at her asshole and she would have jumped forward if not for the tongue strangling her neck and holding her back.

The thing wriggled like a worm around her tight ring of muscle and she felt her eyes roll back in her head as her mouth opened wide, panting desperately. Then the slimy, wormy thing entered her asshole and she felt herself losing control as it wriggled around, causing shocks of unbound euphoria to overtake her. She was so lost in wave

after wave of pleasure that she hardly realized when one of these slimy things entered her mouth and slid over her tongue and began to fuck her throat.

Beverly's screams were stifled as she came again in blinding, beautiful, agony, her body shaking over and over again and then going limp in the creature's clutches.

Over the ringing in her head, Beverly could vaguely hear the creatures panting growing more frantic as she grew to accommodate his cock and its bulbous base, which he pressed fully inside of her now. A claw lifted and shredded her dress in one deft motion and then the same claw dug over the pale skin on her nubile breast, leaving droplets of crimson blood in its wake.

"Would you like to come again?" It panted as the ringing in her head subsided and the slimy tentacle thing left her mouth.

"I- I don't know how much more I can take," she mumbled, choking on the lubricated goo it deposited in her throat.

"You want to come again," It stated.

Then the hand grabbed her again around the neck, but much gentler this time, and turned her over, spinning her around on his cock.

Beverly willed her eyes to open and when she caught sight of the creature that was fucking her, she opened her mouth to scream, but nothing came out. Her voice was taken from her too, right along with her body, frozen and trapped, deep down inside. Her mind flew into a panic and screamed out, no, no, NO!

This seemed to please the clown greatly as the big, giant, glowing yellowish-red orbs that made up his eyes rolled back into his head and his tongue lolled out of his mouth, which was impossibly long and pointed at the end.

The clown's face had taken on a wolf like appearance, much like the monster she stabbed in Niebolt house. Its mouth was pointed and stretched with rows of razor-sharp teeth that disappeared high into its face. When she looked down, she was alarmed at the giant,

purplish, ridged cock she was riding on and most of all, by the purplish tentacles that wriggled at her, invaded her, and ran all over her body.

Beverly struggled to get free of this thing as her mind tried to contemplate the horrors, but the more she struggled and whimpered and cried, the more the clown became ravenous and the faster it fucked her. His claws dug into her side and she gasped as he lifted her and deposited right over his cock. It was fucking her as gravity forced her to continue to ride this monstrous thing.

“Once more,” the clown lulled, seemingly drunk off of whatever she was giving off.

“No, no more, please,” she sniffled and begged as his claws dug into her side harder, causing her to bleed under the pressure of razor-sharp nails.

“Yes, more,” the creature growled, irritated sounding now.

“No, please,” she sobbed and then let out a moan as the cock began to pleasure her again.

“Just like that,” he stated and she cried out and moaned and he kept fucking her sore pussy, his tongue hanging out and panting as more slobber fell from those jaws.

Beverly roared in rage and began to beat against the creature’s chest with her fists and he sighed.

“Fine, human,” he grunted and his teeth began to recede into his face, the claws sucked into his hand again and his face regained a somewhat normal appearance. “Better?” He rolled his eyes.

Beverly was stunned that she actually convinced it to do something and she nodded, not realizing that despite this small feat, he was still fucking her without her permission in the first place.

The clown sped up the pace as the sweat dripped from her body. He took a taut nipple and pinched it between his fingers and she threw back her head.

“Look at me,” he grabbed the back of her neck and his yellow-eyes flared. She nodded, acceding and started to feel her mind drift into those yellow orbs once again. She no longer cared that she was fucking a giant purplish monster-looking cock or that she was fucking an actual monster, she wanted to give into him.

Wait, what was she doing? What was she thinking?

No, that’s right, she wanted to give into him. The last of her will slipped from her as her orgasm built once again. In the throes of her passion she pressed her lips to his crimson stained ones and kissed him deeply, needing more and more of him.

When this happened, he looked surprised, pulled back a little, and started to shake. She felt his semen suddenly filling her deep inside and it made her absolutely crazy. She grabbed a fist of his orange hair with each hand and rode the tidal wave faster and faster to completion as she shook with pure joy as it ravaged her entire body, leaving her a trembling, flushed mess.

Beverly collapsed on top of the clown, who had stopped thrusting by now and she felt herself letting go.

Darkness enveloped her once again.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hope you enjoyed!

2. Bedroom

Summary for the Chapter:

Beverly awakes and deals with the aftermath of what happened to her as the Losers plot their next move.

Beverly Marsh awoke in her own bed, the morning light seeping through her bedroom window and hitting her face. She was incredibly groggy, and sat there for a minute, trying to regain some clarity. Bits and pieces of the previous night began to filter into her mind and she stared at her wall, dumbfounded.

Beverly shook her head, either to clear the cobwebs or to drive the memories from her mind.

That wasn't real, she told herself. That wasn't real...

She swung her two feet over the edge of the bed and rested them on the rug on her floor. She winced in pain and suddenly was a lot less sure that what happened to her was all just a dream.

Beverly stood shakily and made her way to her standing mirror. She inspected her features for a moment through heavy eyelids, hating how messy her hair was or how grimy her face felt. She pulled up her pajama top and gasped, taking a step back.

What the fuck? Her mind screamed. Bruises dotted her body and there were clearly puncture marks on her sides where five fingers had dug into her and drew blood.

She slowly pulled the pajama top over her head as her aching body throbbed with each movement. The top dropped to the floor as she took in the sight of herself in the mirror. There were claw marks on her breasts and bite marks on her neck and everywhere she looked she could see bruises starting to form.

She pulled down her pajama pants and saw scratches and gouges in her sides and buttocks. This made her wince and she was suddenly aware of the throbbing that was coming from inside of her lower

abdomen.

Beverly let out a groan and put her head in her hands. This wasn't happening, she didn't want to think about it. I mean, fuck! Why was she even alive? Some tears fell and a dark shame came to her face in the form of a burning blush.

"Sweetie?" A knock came at her bedroom door and Beverly lept back, snatching up the pajamas from the floor and hopping to put them back on.

"Come in!" She called hoarsely and a middle-aged woman entered the room.

"Auntie!" Beverly's face brightened.

It felt really good to see her aunt. This was totally unexpected and suddenly her worries lifted a little bit. Out of all the people to come through her door, the possibilities being her father or Pennywise, this was the best outcome.

Her father... OH GOD.

Beverly's mouth dropped open and her aunt came over and embraced her in a hug. Beverly felt the tears flowing even more now. The embrace hurt, but she needed it right now. Beverly returned the hug and buried her face on her aunt's shoulder.

"Oh Beverly..." Her aunt gripped her tighter. "I'm so sorry."

Sorry for what? She wondered.

"My dad..." Beverly began to say.

"In the hospital," the aunt replied quietly.

"He was trying to beat me," Beverly sobbed.

"I know honey," her aunt replied, looking worriedly at the bruises on Bev's arms.

"Is he going to die?"

“No,” her aunt replied. “He has a concussion and maybe a skull fracture. There was a lot of bleeding, but they stitched up his head. They had to shave about half of his hair off first.” Beverly felt her aunt chuckle quietly and she knew her aunt was trying to make Bev feel better.

Beverly’s aunt became solemn again. “He told the hospital staff he slipped and fell in the bathroom and had knocked the lid off the toilet before cracking his head on the floor.”

“Oh...” Beverly felt shame at this. Part of her wanted her father to admit that she smashed him right over the head because then they would have to come question her and they would ask why she did this and she could tell them. Maybe she would even tell them of all the ways he made her uncomfortable or touched her in a way that felt dirty. Then maybe they would have to do something, wouldn’t they?

“I’m here for you Beverly. I came as soon as I heard and I’m going to stay with you, alright?”

Beverly nodded somberly.

“You can take some time to decide if you want to come back to Portland with me. I...” her aunt paused and sucked in some air, “...don’t believe your mother will leave him.”

Beverly didn’t respond. She knew this in her heart too. This was something she had accepted a long time ago.

Beverly let out a long sigh and said, “Thank you. I need to go out and clear my head. I’m going to need some time to decide what to do.”

Her aunt nodded understandingly.

Beverly made her way down to the Barrens where she heard the sounds of boys talking. She parted the trees and saw the Losers arguing animatedly, not noticing her at first. They turned to look at her and quieted when she walked up.

She shifted uncomfortably before announcing, “Uh, hey, what’s up guys?”

Beverly had put on some jeans and a long-sleeve Oingo Boingo T-shirt, too embarrassed to let her bruises show to those closest to her.

The Losers looked at each other for a moment, an uncomfortable silence between them. Beverly shifted again, feeling the tension in the air. Stan was looking at his feet, kicking at the water, while Ben gave her a pathetic sideways glance that seemed sympathetic. Richie used this moment to take off his glasses and clean them while Eddie started messing around with his fanny pack. Mike crossed his arms and looked up at the trees, suddenly quite interested in birds. Only Bill held her gaze, his face solemn.

Beverly opened her eyes wider and lifted her shoulders, palms up, as if to question what the hell was going on with them. They were acting completely weird right now, she thought.

“W-we need to go s-soon,” Bill stated and this seemed to break the tension in the group.

“Go?” She asked. Bill couldn’t help but notice how her eyes sparkled when the light glinted off of them.

“It’s getting worse,” Eddie piped up, finally fishing out his inhaler and taking a whiff.

“He means the killings,” Richie stated plainly. “The child murders.”

“W-we’re g-going to finish It off o-once and for all.”

Beverly’s throat hitched. She didn’t want to think about the clown, much less talk about him right now.

She nodded her head. “Yeah,” she stated unconvincingly.

“But, you don’t have to go if you don’t want to!” Ben suddenly interjected awkwardly and then turned red as everyone turned to stare at him.

“Uh... thanks.” Beverly swallowed hard.

"We n-need you," Bill said, contradicting his friend. "L-like you said, w-we only h-hurt it when we w-worked together."

Beverly nodded. "I agree," she sighed.

"This is a bad idea." Stan's voice trembled a little.

"Whoa, guys! We're going to need a plan here," Eddie piped up, cutting Stan off. "We can't just go charging down there, not like la—"

Richie kicked Eddie in the shin, giving him a look and Eddie yelped, hopping on one leg.

Beverly looked surprised. "What's going on here, guys?"

Bill rolled his eyes at Richie and Eddie. "Nothing."

Beverly shook her head and planted herself on a rock. She looked at the ground for a while before speaking. "My dad's in the hospital. He...", Bev drew in a sharp breath and then exhaled, "...attacked me."

She looked up to see the Losers exchanging more suspicious glances. Bill walked over to her and sat on the rock beside her. He put a tentative arm out and squeezed her around her shoulders.

"I'm sorry," Bill said softly. The other Losers walked over and began to offer condolences, touching her and hugging her.

In that moment she felt loved.

The week passed rather uneventfully as Bev walked around in a slump. Her father was released from the hospital, a giant bandage around his partially shaved head. When he returned home, he didn't speak to or look at Bev. The Losers Club hatched a plan and set a date, meanwhile gathering materials they knew they needed. Bev's aunt slept in the spare bedroom, doing her best to keep an eye on Bev when her father was home.

Beverly went to bed one night, a week after her father attacked her, a week after he told her to stop seeing her friends, a week after... no, she wouldn't think of it.

She fell into bed, pulling the covers up around her tightly and pretty soon was drifting off into sleep. The house remained silent and the night outside her window was quiet, when suddenly a feeling inside of her screamed and she bolted upright in bed, panting. Her eyes darted around the room crazily, looking for the source of her panic, but saw nothing.

She began to calm down when she saw two glowing yellow orbs materialize in the shadows on the far side of the room. Beverly opened her mouth to scream, but nothing came out.

She saw Its form step forward from the shadows as Pennywise the dancing clown came into view with a devilish look on his face and hands clasped behind his back.

Beverly hadn't realized that she was clutching the blankets tight to her chest, like a toddler seeking comfort as she stared in shock at the being inside her room. Up until now, she had done a good job of convincing herself that whatever went on with him--the blood in the bathroom, the encounter at Neibolt house, and the monster that ravaged her in the sewer--was all just part of some fever-dream and that she had entirely made him up, despite her friends' confessions and their plans to kill the thing came into focus.

"Hello Bev-er-ly." It drew out each syllable and she shuddered.

The eyes in its head started to wander in different directions, which gave its already inhuman appearance even more inhuman-like qualities.

And then the creature was suddenly gone and she swiveled her head around desperately searching for the intruder. She caught sight of him at the edge of her bed, perfectly balanced on her foot board, squatting there, eyes pointing in different directions and drool escaping from his plump lips.

Beverly threw herself back against the wall, clutching the blankets

even higher on her chest and she tried to scream, but again, nothing came out.

The clown smiled and put a white-gloved finger to his red-painted lips and uttered, “Shhhhhh.”

Beverly’s chest convulsed and she coughed, finally able to get words out.

“Why are you here? What do you want?” She whispered accusingly, if not for herself, than for the sake of her aunt sleeping in the next room over.

“Oh, don’t worry about dear old auntie. She’s sleeping soundly as can be. I wonder, do you think she floats in her dreams?” The clown giggled and seemed almost playful, but in a deceptive way. Beverly knew he murdered children and that this was a being of pure evil squatting in front of her. There was no amount of false playfulness was going to distract her from that fact.

“Leave, NOW,” Beverly commanded forcefully, suddenly finding her voice. She clasped at the turtle pendant Bill had given her that was now resting around her neck. Pennywise’s grin fell when he saw it and he glared at her.

The clown licked his lips, catching the drool that was seeping from them, and coated his lips in a wet sheen.

“You sure did a number on your daddy. I bet he’s scared of you now, what do you think? I’m rather impressed, I must say.”

Beverly continued to glower as the clown kept on prodding her.

“It’s a shame really that you didn’t go all the way,” Pennywise sighed. “Look at him, back from the hospital, all fixed up! Free to do whatever he wants to you.”

Beverly snorted, “You two have so much in common.”

Pennywise seemed to love her comment and flashed his teeth, which were beginning to get sharp.

“Of course, I could finish him off for you. I don’t normally like eating adults, nor do I do favors for human children, but I could be convinced.” The clown’s teeth grew sharper and the yellow glowing eyes took on a reddish tinge.

“No!” Beverly said, almost screaming and then looking at the doorway worriedly.

“Oh, you don’t want that?” The clown mocked her, looking hurt.

“You humans are way too sentimental, getting all attached to each other like that despite the fact that you keep hurting each other over and over again!”

Pennywise’s voice was taking on an even more comical tone than before and Beverly glared at him, hating him with every fibre of her being.

“I’m going to give you one more chance to leave,” Beverly’s voice trembled no matter how calm she tried to keep it.

“Or...?” Pennywise’s mouth turned upward in a way that seemed humanly impossible.

“Go to hell!” Beverly said, the rage she held inside bursting from her, “And get fucked!”

Pennywise held up a single gloved finger and waved it in the air.

“Naughty girl,” he growled, his voice low in his throat.

His scolding was enough to make her angry enough to pick up one of her pillows and chuck it at his head. It bounced off and flopped on the floor and he laughed gutturally. Bev threw back the covers and propelled herself off of her bed, landing with both feet on her floor and sprinting towards the door. A hand grabbed her ankle, jerking it back quickly and she fell, slamming into the wood floor hard, her already bruised ribs issuing a burst of pain and nausea which left her gasping for air.

The clown picked her up and deposited her back on the bed and she lay there on her back gagging and trying to get air into her lungs.

“You aren’t going anywhere.”

His face was solid and there was no more mirth left in his features while he stood over the bed, waiting for her to regain her breathing.

“What do you want from me?” She looked at him warily, crossing her arms over herself as if for protection.

Pennywise bent over her and smiled once again.

“Let’s have a little fun, shall we?”

Beverly’s eyes went wide as she realized the implications of what he was saying.

“Why... why would you want that?” She asked, horrified.

“My reasons are my own,” he replied in an obfuscating manner.

“You’re not even human,” She seemed perplexed. “What could you possibly get out of this?”

Pennywise straightened and rolled his eyes at her, seeming impatient with having to explain anything to her.

“What I get out of it is none of your concern, just know that It’s not what you would get out of it.”

Beverly shook her head as if confused with the explanation provided.

“But you’re... disgusting,” she admitted and saw the side of his mouth twitch a little. “What would make you think I would ever want to fuck you?” The last part of her sentence was louder now, accusatory even.

“What you want is of no concern to me,” he said flatly and that’s when Bev realized she was actually having a conversation with this thing, this creature that fucked her into oblivion on the previous meeting and that was what worried her more than anything. She should be fighting it right now, not talking to it calmly!

Her eyes went hard and Pennywise turned his glowing orbs to her as

he stood high above.

“Oh, please do,” he threatened and she shrunk into her bed, feeling the scrutinization of a top-tier predator, and her most certainly as its prey.

“You’re out of your mind if you think I would ever want to have anything to do with you,” Beverly spat stubbornly.

The clown grew angry. “Stupid humans,” he spat, “thinking that I care at all about what their wishes are. I take what I want!” He let out a snarling growl as his eyes turned red and his teeth grew. Claws started to rip from his hand and she froze, her confidence wavering.

It was when he realized she was shaking that he faltered. Never had he stopped when a human begged him not to. Never had he stopped when he tore the jugular from their throats with his bare teeth. Never had he stopped when the screams reached a manic frenzy of pure, unadulterated terror. He basked in their fear; he reveled in it and cherished it as it washed over him and fed him and sustained him. So why the hell was he stopping now?

A low growl escaped his throat through clenched teeth and she looked at him oddly as his claws retreated and his eyes returned to a yellowish color and his teeth receded back into his jaw.

Something happened to him down in the sewer. Expecting to force her into fearful submission, she came instead and the blissful, mind-numbing joy that hit him and filled him inside made him crave more. He fed off of this euphoria from her again and again and it made him drunk and forgetful that he had wanted to terrorize her to until she could take no more and her body gave out and he ripped chunks of her tender flesh from her bones.

Beverly watched the clown step back into the shadows and she waited a moment before breathing a sigh of relief. Her relief was short-lived, however as the blankets under her began to move and she jolted, startled.

Something pulled Beverly under as she reached for the headboard and held onto it tightly. That same something pulled down the

pajama bottoms and underwear she was wearing and slid a slimy tongue over her clit, causing her to jump again in surprise at the shock of feeling that went through her.

Beverly looked down and could see a head tending to her under the blankets. She still gripped the headboard tightly, not willing to let go, as her fingers and knuckles turned white as the tongue swirled around her clit, causing her to gasp and release a moan.

Her head fell back on the pillow and she managed to utter a “Why...” before the question died under her increased noises of pleasure.

She felt the tongue work its way down her slit, lapping up the juices that flowed generously from her and then dropping to the tight ring of muscle down below and circling it, prodding gently as if wanting entry.

Beverly shuddered spasmodically, disbelief clouded her head and she wondered how something like this could feel so fucking good as the tongue slipped in and stroked her entryway. She felt her hips riding the tongue, much to her previous chagrin.

“Fu... Fu... Oh, fuck..” she said breathlessly, hands still clenching her bed.

Hadn't she wanted to push him off and tell him no? She wondered this absentmindedly as she continued to fuck the tongue, her clit engorged and pussy sopping wet.

The tongue pulled out and plunged immediately into her cunt, making a squishing noise as it went in and stroked the ridge where her g-spot lay. She screamed and nearly came, not caring a whit if anyone else heard.

A hand grasped her thigh and she felt the cool skin as it trailed up past her abdomen to her small breasts and kneaded one. This didn't feel like a gloved hand at all and she glanced down through her loose top to see a pinkish hand running a finger over her nipple. She didn't care what this hand looked like, she only knew she wanted more, she wanted that hand everywhere.

The tongue stroked her inside and out, hitting her clit, which sent a pleasure-filled shockwave of electricity through her and then the tongue plunged in again, running over her g-spot and reaching all the way to her base, where it squiggled and swirled inside of her.

The tongue working its magic inside, causing deep vibrations of ecstasy to radiate outward from the base of her through the rest of her body and she drove her hips to meet the tongue with each plunge it took.

She couldn't stop now even if she wanted to because the hand trailed down her thigh and she felt the fingers slip easily into her asshole. The muscles there contracted around the digits as she screamed out again, mouth hanging open and eyes rolling back into her head.

The tongue and digits continued to fuck her and her hand fell from the headboard and went to her mouth, where she bit it to keep from screaming aloud.

"Jesus, holy, motherfucking, christ!" She exclaimed through teeth clamped down on her hand. Somewhere in the back of her mind she remembered going to church and being told not to take the lord's name in vain but fuck that! This felt way too good.

Distantly, an errant thought also told her that she was fucking a monster, a literal monster, AGAIN! But she brushed that one aside too like a pesky younger brother that always bothered you when you were doing something WAY more important.

Beverly's belly burned with fire as a feeling started to grow in her lower abdomen. Her other hand left the headboard and shot under the blanket, entwining itself in the being's hair. She guided the head as it continued to tongue-fuck her, faster and faster. Her body started to shake and tremble and suddenly she threw a head back, mouth wide open and screamed the loudest she had ever screamed in her entire life. Her pussy convulsed around the tongue and her anus convulsed on the fingers as juices gushed from her and soaked the bed beneath her.

Her orgasm lasted for what felt like eternity as her body writhed and twitched and her fingers dug into the head that was nestled into her

vagina.

After eternity, after the ringing faded from her ears and the black spots left her eyes, she looked down at her pleasurer. She threw the blanket back and there he was latched onto each thigh, face hovering an inch above her mound, inhaling deeply as if intaking a heady aroma from an expensive meal. His mouth hung open and he licked his lips absently, as if lost in something he was feeling.

Wait, Beverly suddenly noticed. He looked different.

She narrowed her eyes and realized he wasn't wearing the clown makeup she normally saw him in. This confused her greatly. He looked almost... normal.

He opened his eyes and looked up to meet her confused face. His eyes were a stunning blue, his skin a healthy hue, and pearly white teeth clicked when he closed his open, drooling mouth.

Beverly wiped tears from her face. That orgasm had brought her to fucking tears. Jesus. She shook her head a little.

"Shit, my aunt and my dad!" Beverly suddenly realized.

"They won't be able to hear you in here," the once-clown slurred at her.

The sound of footsteps echoed down the hall and her eyes flew open wide. She pushed his face off of her and grabbed her pajama pants, standing up and doing a little dance to get them on quickly.

"Get out of there!" She hissed at him as the footsteps got closer and she snatched the pajama top from the blankets and threw it backwards on over her head.

Pennywise stood up slowly. "They weren't supposed to be able to--"

Beverly's father burst into the room, wearing a white wife-beater and a white bandage around his head with nothing but boxer shorts on.

"What the ever-loving fuck is going on in here?" He yelled accusingly looking from Beverly over to the strange man and back.

“And who the fuck are you?” He pointed a finger in Pennywise’s face.

Beverly trembled and looked over at the former-clown, who stood still, face impassive and betraying no emotion. Clearly unimpressed.

“Why the hell do you have a guy in your room, huh?” Beverly’s father turned back to her, fury radiating from his face.

“I mean, Jesus, I knew you were a little slut but this takes the cake!”

“I’m sorry daddy,” tears spilled from Beverly’s eyes once again.

“Don’t give me that shit! You always try to weasel your way out of accepting responsibility. Well I’m tired of it and I’m not going to take it anymore!”

Al Marsh lifted the flat of his right palm in the air and began to bring it down, as if to strike Beverly, when something grabbed his wrist. Bev had flinched, as she had so often done in this situation and steeled herself for the blow. She opened her eyes when one never came and saw Pennywise gripping her father’s wrist effortlessly with one hand.

His eyes flared a reddish-yellow and Beverly saw teeth in his mouth as claws sprouted and dug into Al’s wrist, drawing blood.

Al Marsh stiffened up and his eyes widened at whatever the fuck had just grabbed him. His face blanched, going white, and his lip quivered when he beheld the visage of the terrifying man in Beverly’s bedroom.

“Penny, NO!” Beverly screamed, both hands latching onto the man’s forearm, trying desperately to pull it away, but the arm gave not an inch.

The former-clown’s chest heaved as he breathed in and out heavily, claws digging in even further. Beverly continued to fight with him and pull at his arm, screaming, “No!” While Al Marsh beheld the visitor with panic in his eyes.

“Leave now, before I tear your fucking throat out,” the former-clown said in a booming gravelly voice dripping with anger and hatred.

With that Pennywise flung the wrist away from him hard, sending Al Marsh sprawling against the wall. Beverly's father scrambled up and out of the room, his face filled with genuine fear, slamming the door behind him.

A low growl emanated from Pennywise; one that an angry dog would make before attacking and Beverly backed up, concern and worry on her face.

"This is the problem with you humans," he snarled. "Completely unwilling to kill those who would harm you!" He turned on Beverly and she backed into her dresser, her hands bracing herself against it.

"Stop!" Beverly cried. "This isn't funny anymore!"

"Do I look like I'm playing games you foolish little human?" Pennywise advanced on her, claws clacking on one another.

"He could hear us! That means you did something to me!" He bellowed.

"I didn't do anything to you!" She screamed back. "I didn't even want you here in the first place!"

Pennywise lunged and grabbed Beverly around the throat, his claws drawing beads of her blood out of her and shaking her back and forth with his powerful inhuman strength.

"Stay away from me!" She screamed tearfully as he growled and snarled at her, tongue hanging out of his mouth.

"Oh, I'll stay away from you, just as soon as I kill you and eat your flesh!" His teeth snapped close to her neck and ear and she let out a pained sob, grabbing at the claws around her throat, trying to pry them free.

He heaved with rage for a couple of seconds before turning and throwing her onto the bed.

Fuck! He couldn't even enjoy her fear. What had she done to him?

Pennywise let out a frustrated howl as Beverly curled herself into a

ball on the bed.

When she finally looked up from her tear-stained blanket, the window was open and Pennywise was gone.

3. Maze

Summary for the Chapter:

The Losers hatch a plan and attempt to follow it through.

“Y-you s-s-seem distracted, Bev,” Bill said as he loaded rusty metal spikes into the front of his backpack.

Beverly looked up from her daze and mumbled, “Sorry.”

Ben watched two interact from across Bill’s garage where he and the rest of the Loser’s Club prepared to traverse their way into the sewers and defeat the clown once and for all.

“D-do you have enough w-water?” Bill asked her and she smiled back at him, nodding.

Richie was hyping himself up while Eddie stared at a bottle of pills in his hand. Mike was the only one who had come truly prepared, bringing a bolt gun and “ammo,” which were just gas capsules that caused the bolt to shoot out at an incredible speed.

“Wait here,” Bill said to no one in particular and disappeared into his house.

“Say, guess what's on the menu tonight, boys?” Richie asked the group in one of his put-on voices. He then answered himself by proclaiming, “Clown meat, that’s what!” The rest of the group was too tense to laugh at Richie’s jokes so they gave him a half smile and groaned while Eddie looked disgusted and said, “Gross!”

Bill came back moments later unfurling something tucked under his shirt.

“A Gun!?” Eddie gasped in worry, looking around as if someone might see them.

“Sweet!” Richie cried out, rushing over to get a look at the old revolver.

"It's m-my father's gun," Bill explained, opening the cylinder and checking that it was loaded.

"Be careful, please," Bev asked and Bill nodded at her seriously.

"I w-will."

"What if a gun can't kill it?" Ben asked suddenly, worried and they turned to look his way.

"W-we have to try, don't we?" Bill asked.

"OK, but what if it doesn't work, what if we fail?" Ben reiterated.

"We're dead if we don't, so we have to," Mike stated, the voice of reason.

The Loser's Club peddled hard to the dilapidated house on Niebolt street and littered their bikes on the sidewalk. They all checked their gear as Richie patted the slingshot in his back pocket, making sure it was still there. Mike took a heavy breath in, bringing his bolt gun to the ready as Bill brought his actual gun out of the bag. Ben took out a knife he had swiped from the kitchen and Beverly twirled another metal spike in her hands, not caring that rust was flaking off and staining her skin. Eddie pulled a baseball bat from the hook on his bag, giving it a couple of practice swings. He had never been particularly athletic. Stanley stood stiffly, as if he was frozen and then turned to pull a large flashlight out of his bag.

"D-do w-we k-k-know the plan?" Bill asked.

"Find it, kill it," Mike stated, as if a soldier in the Army.

Beverly drew in a breath, her heart heavy in her chest as they all entered the house on Niebolt street.

"This fucking place gives me the creeps," Richie said a little too loudly.

"SHHHHHH," Eddie said, even louder.

“You both hush!” Bill turned and scolded.

The kids made their way to the basement, where they spied the old well and a fairly new rope curled up in the corner.

One-by-one they started to make their way down until only Stanley and Mike were left. Before Mike could grab the rope, he was attacked from behind. Hands grabbed Mike and attempted to shove him in the well, but he braced himself and resisted the attack. Mike managed to spin in the attacker’s grip and that’s when he saw who it was: none other than Henry Bowers looking like a madman covered in blood and hell-bent on killing them all.

Stanley backed up into a corner as Mike fought off Henry, the two scuffling in the dirt. Henry straddled Mike on the ground, attempting to turn the bolt gun to Mike’s skull. Mike glanced over at Stanley, giving the fair-haired Jewish boy an imploring look, but Stan trembled and pressed himself into the corner even further. Finally, Mike found the strength to push Henry Bowers off on him and as Mike rose and Henry attacked him again, Mike used all his strength to push Henry away from him. Henry flew backwards and hit the side of the well. He flipped over and tumbled down the hole, where his screams echoed and then disappeared.

“I’m-- I’m sorry,” Stanley uttered, shaking.

Mike looked up and shook his head. “You don’t have to be,” he said. “Now come over here and hold the rope.”

Mike descended and before he could join the rest of his companions in the small side-tunnel, Stan was already climbing on down, fear in his eyes.

“Something’s up here!” He cried out as the other looked up.

Mike felt the rope stretch and give a little and hurried to get off.

“Hurry, Stan!” Mike commanded.

Stan descended the rope as fast as he could without making a critical blunder, but before he could reach his friends, the rope above him snapped and he screamed, falling into darkness after Henry Bowers.

“STAAAAAAAAN!” Eddie screamed and the others yelled.

“NO!” Bill cried.

“Stan, are you OK?” Mike called down the hole.

“We have to go find him!” Beverly shouted to the others.

“Please don’t be dead!” Ben whined.

The Loser’s Club scrambled out of the small pipe they were all stuffed into and landed in a wider tunnel of the Derry drainage system. Eddie splashed down in some grey-water and shuddered before turning to help the others out.

Bill, leading the pack, looked each way before pulling the sewer map he had swiped out of his backpack. Ben brought a flashlight over and directed the beam so they could study their possible routes.

“This way,” Ben said confidently, pointing at the map.

“H-how do you know?” Bill asked.

“I just... know,” Ben replied. “Stan’s this way.”

The others seemed willing to follow Bill’s lead with Ben’s direction as they looked to their leader. Bill gave a half-smile, nodded at them, and turned to lead the way down the tunnel.

Ben started to fall behind in the pack, as he was feeling the exertion from descending the rope and squeezing himself through the small side pipe. His flashlight began to flicker and he shook it, then brought it up to his face to peer at the bulb.

When Ben lowered the light back down it died on him completely and he was suddenly plunged into darkness, despite there being some natural light in the tunnel system before that. His flashlight came back on moments later, but the rest of the group was gone. He stood there in the shallow water and tried not to panic as he listened for them. He could hear them down the tunnel to the right and he splashed that way in a frenzy, suddenly being conscious of his aloneness.

Ben turned the corner and could hear the group's voices coming from a side chamber so he made a bee-line there, rushing right into the chamber and coming to a stop when he arrived at a dead end.

"What?" He muttered confused to himself.

Ben turned to leave and the clown was there in the doorway. The flashlight slipped from Ben's hands and dropped into the water, the light illuminating beneath the dark, murky surface.

"Hiya fatboy," the clown said with a sneer on his face as the flashlight died.

Ben stood frozen, his legs shaking.

"Didya get left behind?" Pennywise said in a mock tone of concern. "Were you slowing the rest of them down, maybe?" He took one step closer.

Waiting for the inevitable was the worst thing about this and Ben blurted out, "What are you?"

"Hmm, me?" Pennywise asked and pointed at himself. "I'm a clown, but what are you?"

"You're no clown!" Ben said indignantly.

"And you're just wearing a human suit, aren't you?" Pennywise asked cruelly. "Look! It's too big for you, even." Then he giggled.

"Stop this!" Ben yelled. "Guys! Where are you? Help me, please!"

Ben suddenly remembered the knife and fished around in his back pocket, but the knife was gone! Where did it go? When did he lose it? He panicked.

Pennywise's laughter grew louder and his shrill tones drowned out Ben's screams.

The clown took another step closer and Ben took a step back.

"Maybe, I'm your worst nightmare," Pennywise stated, his head

dropping and his body slumping over at the waist. When he rose again, a mummy covered in bandages met Ben and let out a dry-husk of a groan.

“No!” Ben screamed and ran for the door, hoping to make it past the mummy.

A hand shot out from the figure far quicker than it ever should have and connected with the side of Ben’s head, sending him sprawling into the water. Ben flew backwards and rolled over, his face landing in the sludge. He pushed himself up and coughed up the muck that he had inhaled into his throat.

The mummy groaned and trudged its way over to Ben, who looked up surprised. When the mummy got there it bent over to take a swipe at Ben, but the round boy suddenly dove forward through the mummy’s legs and made a perfect roll, coming up quickly to his feet.

The mummy spun angrily and lashed out its hand, bandages flying from the palm and nearly hitting Ben, who dodged out of the way and then ran out of the room as fast as his legs could carry him. The map was still in his mind and he knew where to go; he knew where his friends would be!

Mike turned to look behind him. “Guys? Where’s Ben?”

The rest of them stopped and looked back with worry.

“Oh no...” Eddie groaned.

“Maybe he went ahead?” Richie offered, adjusting his glasses.

Beverly clutched the rusted iron spike closer to her body and said quietly, “He could be anywhere.”

“We need to keep going,” Bill said calmly and evenly and the rest of the group turned and gaped at him in stunned silence.

“This thing is trying to divide us. B-ben knows where to go.”

The rest of the Losers exchanged worried glances, but followed Bill's lead.

Mike followed along, looking backwards to see if he could catch sight of Ben, when a hand covered his mouth and pulled him down a side tunnel. Mike struggled hard and finally broke free of the grip. He spun around to find a bloody Henry Bowers, his head half caved-in and grinning like a mad man.

Mike opened his mouth in shock and then closed it.

Henry Bowers chuckled and bleated and then gurgled up blood, advancing on Mike with a maniac stare. Mike backed up, a look of terror in his eyes. Henry's hand shot out and grasped Mike's wrist, who then screamed, "Let go!" and pulled it back. Blood spilled from Henry's head and down his arm making his grip slippery. Mike stumbled over his own feet as he backed up, but managed to turn and book it back the way he came as Henry Bowers' gurgles followed after him and echoed through the tunnel.

"Eddie? Where are you? Come here right this instant!"

The Losers stopped as Eddie turned around in surprise.

"How the hell did my mom get in here!?" Eddie whispered in a loud surprised tone.

The others turned too, not spotting anything and Richie glanced around asking, "Where's Mike?"

"Oh no," Beverly moaned, her hand going to her head.

"D-do you f-f-feel alright Beverly?" Bill asked her.

"I feel sick," she stated plainly and closed her eyes, her face looking extremely pale.

Bill rummaged in his backpack and brought out a water bottle, which she grabbed and took a few huge gulps from. Wiping her lips, she handed it back to Bill.

“Eddie! I told you not to hang out with those kids! They’re bad news! Now look at you, trudging around down here in the sewers where there are a million diseases you can pick up.”

Eddie heard the water splashing at the end of the tunnel and whispered again loudly, “Oh, shit! We have to hide!” He looked around in panic and splashed off in the opposite direction.

“Eddie, no!” Richie yelled, grabbing at him and then running off to catch Eddie’s escaping form. Bill and Beverly splashed after the two, only a moment behind, but when they turned a corner Eddie and Richie were nowhere to be seen. Only a bricked-up wall met them; a dead end.

Bill and Beverly looked at each other, Beverly’s eyes wide and scared.

She grabbed Bill's arm, imploring, “He’s coming after me Bill, please, you’ve got to help--”

Bill suddenly slumped, falling backward against the wall and Beverly spun to see Pennywise standing right behind her. She brought the metal spike up, but the clown snatched it easily from her hands and when he did so, the metal rusted even faster, crumbling into dust at his touch.

Beverly looked scared and backed away from the thing that had separated her and her friends from each other and who had now knocked Bill out somehow.

“Oh, you like him, how sweet,” Pennywise sneered.

“Why are you doing this?” Beverly screamed at him.

“Well, let’s see, you annoying children decided to invade my home and kill me!” Pennywise said cheerfully, his voice still dripping with malice.

“You kill people!” Beverly shouted at him. “You killed Bill’s brother Georgie! What did you expect us to do?”

“You don’t have to worry about that anymore,” Pennywise stated, his eyes shining a bright yellow. “I’m going to take you away from all of

this. I'm going to make you float! Don't you want to float with me Beverly?" The clown offered his hand.

Beverly looked at him horrified, backing up further.

"I promise you it will be worth it! No more worries about your father beating you or touching you in uncomfortable places; no more worries over the cruel things other humans do to you; no more worries about your mother ignoring you while supporting you father and calling you a liar!" Pennywise seemed cheerful now.

Beverly started to shake with anger as tears welled up in her eyes. How dare he!

"We'll have so much fun together! For eternity we can float in the darkness. I can show you how to float!"

"No!" She roared at him, all her anger at his audacity pouring out of her.

"Tsk, tsk." Pennywise seemed unfazed as he turned a finger up and shook it at her. "I did give you a choice, remember that."

"Do you think that makes it better, makes any of this better?" She gestured at Bill. "I hate you for what you've done to me, for what you've done to us!"

Pennywise's mouth twitched slightly.

"Fine, then I'll just take you!" He growled at her. His clawed hand suddenly appeared over her mouth and stifled her cries while his body enveloped her and she was lifted out of the air and thrown over his shoulder quicker than she could blink. They started moving at a blinding speed and she closed her eyes to keep the wind from tearing at them. She began to feel herself getting dizzier and dizzier from the excessive force until she could no longer keep herself conscious and passed out.

"Bill! Wake up!" Eddie shook a dazed Bill Denbrough. Bill groaned and blinked open his eyes to Eddie and Richie crouching over him.

“Wh-where did you guys go?” Bill groaned.

“We doubled back around and found you here,” Richie said.

“This place keeps changing on us,” Eddie complained.

“Yeah, I had to explain to Eddie that his mom isn’t actually here, it was just that stupid clown!” Richie quipped as he helped Bill back to his feet. Bill put a hand to his head and blinked a few times, trying to get rid of the cobwebs.

“OK, I do feel stupid about that one,” Eddie defended himself.

“Clown...” Bill groaned. “Wait, where’s Bev?”

Eddie and Richie looked at each other and then Richie said, “She wasn’t here when we got here.”

Mike came running up to the group, panting and doubling over with his hands on his knees.

“Oh thank god I found you,” Mike heaved. “Henry Bowers tried to kill me again, or maybe it was the clown, I don’t know.” Mike sucked in a breath and wiped the sweat from his head.

“I-It’s got her!” Bill announced.

“First Stanley and THEN Bev,” Eddie stated.

“Hey, don’t forget about Ben either!” Richie said. “First Stanley, then Ben, and finally Bev.”

“Were rescuing all of them,” Mike said solemnly.

Bill looked like he didn’t like the plan, but he nodded his head anyway.

Beverly came to as the clown shook her awake.

“Oh, good you’re awake. Humans are so fragile, I wasn’t sure you’d make it.”

Beverly's head swam and she felt angry at the monster's continuous denigrations.

"You can stop it now," She mumbled. "You've got me, so you can stop."

"Why would I want to do that?"

Beverly looked up to meet his eyes, her own face hard. The clown chuckled when he saw her.

"How exciting," Pennywise drawled, his voice going deeper.

Beverly stood up and winced, feeling her body aching all over. The bruises still hadn't healed, despite it being a week since his werewolf form ravaged her.

Pennywise reached out and cupped her chin with his finger, but she pulled away sullenly. It was a move that seemed decidedly human from him, she thought. This wasn't a being that was exactly known for human-like qualities, especially not tenderness, so she didn't know what game he was playing or what attempt at humanity he faked in a ploy to manipulate her.

Beverly glanced up and he was staring at her with wide blue eyes. Her stomach knotted. All she could think about right now were her friends. What had they been thinking trying to track this monster down in the first place anyway? Did they all have a death wish? Were they all out of their minds?

"Young humans in particular often make poor ch--" Pennywise began to say before she cut him off.

"Stop it with the 'humans' thing already!" She said angrily. "We get it, you don't like us! You think us beneath you!"

Pennywise smirked back at her and then licked his lips, as if hungry for something. She shuddered.

"It's cold down here," she grumbled, wrapping her arms around herself, more out of self-consciousness than a chill from the actual temperature.

“And stop staring at me!” She commanded, even more boldly.

Pennywise was unsettling her. He didn’t break his gaze--well, at least one eye didn’t leave her, the other was wandering off in a different direction which gave her a weird, uncanny valley feeling when she looked at him. Not only that, he also had saliva pooling at his bottom lip. She had watched it begin to slide down from his cherry-colored mouth and make its descent to the floor.

The clown reached out a gloved hand to her again and she smacked it away, much to her own surprise, courage welling beneath her breast. He kept his hand in the air and smiled devilishly at her, licking his lips again.

A thought came to Beverly and she stood more upright, addressing the clown.

“Let’s make a deal,” She offered.

“Oh?” Pennywise said, the vowel long and drawn out.

“I’ll give you what you want,” Beverly said gulping, her heart beating hard in her chest, “but you have to leave my friends alone.”

Pennywise kept looking at her with his mouth pursed in anticipation.

“That means forever,” she added.

The clown opened his mouth a little to smile, buck teeth showing in the front.

“You’ll float with me too?” The clown asked and Beverly turned from him slightly and shuddered.

Emotions flared in her chest as she considered the ramifications. She had no fucking idea what he meant by “floating,” but whatever it was sounded permanent. She didn’t like the thought of eternal darkness, but she would be saving her friends, she knew that much. There was no way in hell they were going to beat this thing and it wouldn’t stop coming until they were all dead. If she made the sacrifice here and now they would be safe. Bill would be safe.

She looked up at him, her eyes meeting his and said, "Yes."

"Good," he said in a low, husky voice and she shuddered again.

"You must promise." A tear formed at the edge of Beverly's eye. "Say you promise."

"I promise," he growled.

The clown reached out for her again and in her mind she screamed, just take me and get it over with goddamn it! But he was being painfully slow and deliberate, gentle, one might even say, if it was even possible for such a creature to be so.

Beverly's shoulders slumped with the knowledge that instead of fighting she had given in. Tears began to fall from the edges of each eye as she hated herself deeply; hated HIM.

White silk gloves touched her face and turned it to look at the clown's visage. Beverly's bottom lip trembled and the tears fell down her face. She felt like the room was growing darker as his eyes turned yellow and glowed brightly, enrapturing her with their scrutiny.

Pennywise knew Beverly's thoughts before she even spoke them. All he had to do was patiently wait while watching the battle play out on her face. Using his influence, he imparted despair in her, despair that her friends would surely die and that there was no use in fighting him. The only way out of this most-certain outcome was to give in to him. Give into him entirely and without reservation.

What he did wasn't so much mind-reading as it was emotion-reading. Humans telegraphed everything through their emotions. For one who could read every emotion, he was really poor at emulating them beyond his own basic desires of need and want. There was also anger at not getting what he wanted, but he always got what he wanted in the end, so that wasn't much of a problem, now was it?

Something else had developed in him over the millennia he spent among humans and that was the absolute pleasure he took from the hunt. Playing with his food, terrorizing them so thoroughly and then

making the killing blow was the greatest feeling imaginable. Fear sustained him and he would wring every last ounce out of them and break them utterly and thoroughly before tearing into their soft flesh, lapping at their blood, and eating their hearts.

Since Beverly entered the sewers with intention to seek him out, he struggled with a new kind of emotion now, one that was very difficult for him to reflect on and understand, because he didn't reflect, nor did he tried to understand. He acted, and he existed here in the now to hunt his prey until he slept and returned to the realm from whence he came. So he couldn't even begin to understand what he was feeling.

Part of him knew that giving into this inclination was a bad idea, given that it seemed to cloud his judgment and extinguish his built-in preservation instinct. He remembered last time, when it caused his powers to wane without his knowledge and then Beverly Marsh's father burst into her room. He should have killed him then, so why didn't he? Was it because of her?

Another part of him hungered and desired for this new thing that he discovered while coupling with the human girl, first as a way to humiliate her and draw out her fear, now he craved something else from her. He wanted it, he needed it, needed HER to give it to him again.

So he found himself treading lightly around her, which was something he never did with anyone. He kept more of his bestial side in check, the side of him that existed deep below in the darkness of his nature because he knew that what he wanted from her wasn't fear anymore, even though he could take that from her easily now, no, he wanted her desire.

In the back of his mind he was aware of her friends and their chaotic emotions as they sought him out. If he took the dive he would be taking a big risk, but he couldn't silence the need for her. So as a battle took place inside of his mind, inside of his chest, he reached out a gloved hand to her.

Beverly's tear-laden eyes were fixated on the clown as he caressed her face and wiped away the tears. His hand then dropped to the front of her shirt and he hooked a finger into her top button and pulled her towards him.

Beverly hated this monster who wore a human form so poorly. She hated what he was and what he stood for. She hated what she felt when he touched her. She hated that she burned for him now, desire stoking a fire in her belly.

Her body moved towards him automatically, no longer resisting and when she reached him he leaned over and picked her up so she was straddling his waist.

He leaned in to kiss her and she wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing him back. A sharp tooth bit her lip, drawing blood and she whimpered as he sucked at it, savoring the coppery taste on his tongue and tasting all of her restless turmoil.

Beverly felt a tingling down low and dug her fingers into the clown's cold flesh, plunging her tongue into his mouth. He seemed surprised as she kissed him eagerly and he growled low in his throat.

Pennywise tore himself away from her embrace and then buried his face into her neck, kissing down its length, which caused her to close her eyes and moan. He drug sharp teeth along the sensitive skin there and nipped at her ear, causing her to shudder and squirm as the warmth between her legs grew.

Holding her close, the clown bent over and deposited her on something soft, which momentarily surprised her, as she thought there was nothing but trash down there.

He popped the buttons loose from her shirt and then kissed from her neck down to her sternum. He took a hard nipple in his lips and swirled his tongue around it, while she entangled her hands in the clown's orange hair. He bit down lightly on the puckered flesh and she threw her head back, mouth open wide in exhilaration as he licked and sucked over her body.

The clown reached down and began to slide her jean shorts from her

hips as he traced kisses down her stomach. Her belly rose and fell rapidly with every touch and Beverly opened her eyes hazily as he looked up at her from beneath her mounds of flesh.

“Let me get on top of you,” She said huskily, looking at him warmly with an invitation playing over her lips. The clown didn’t respond to this at first, so she sat up and then took him by the shoulders, guiding him down until he was lying underneath and she was straddling his form.

Looking down at his costume, Beverly wondered what he looked like underneath. Before she could consider her actions, her hand found an opening on his chest and pulled until his suit was open. She wasn't sure what she expected, but he looked mostly human underneath, except for the realization that he wasn’t wearing face-paint and his skin was that pallid inhuman color underneath too.

She paused with trepidation, pulling back a little and he asked her, “Does this make you uncomfortable?”

Beverly didn’t reply except to bite her lip and look away as he drew up on his elbows and kissed her again. When he pulled away she was surprised to see a normal-looking human man. He would have been indistinguishable if not for the glowing yellow eyes that never blinked and never left her face. She had seen this form before; this was the same one he used when he came out from under her covers almost a week prior.

The ashen-toned man pulled her down on top of him and they kissed again. This face was slightly more palatable to her, if not for his completely abnormal nature she might have been stricken by its beauty. He looks like Bill now, her mind said. Bill, but older. Older, but timeless. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad if he stayed like this, she mused.

Her thought was interrupted when he penetrated her. She was slick and ready for him; she had been ready since he first touched her face. He sunk all the way to the hilt in her and her body felt electric. He rocked her back and forth on top of him as she cried out and moaned. There were no tentacles this time, no ridges, no odd shapes, nothing inhuman at all, except for those glowing yellow orbs sunk into the

human-shaped skull.

She rode him faster, taking her own pleasure from him. She felt every inch of him as she slid up and down and his cock stimulated every space inside of her. In her delectation, she had the sudden urge to wrap her tiny, slender hands around his long, slim neck. This caused him to smirk at the turnabout in roles.

Beverly kept going faster and faster until the former-clown took her hand from his throat and bit into her flesh lightly, drawing blood. She inhaled sharply at the momentary pain and then watched as his tongue lapped up the blood coming out of her arm. The blood had smeared all around his mouth, painting his pale flesh and lips a crimson red. He parted his mouth slightly and she could see the sharp teeth hidden inside, the ones he had used to mar her flesh. The sight triggered something inside of her which caused her to go wild with desire and so she rode him harder, eyes locked, and him growling with satisfaction.

She felt herself screaming and then bursting, coming hard under his intense gaze, which she then rode to completion. His body gave a little shake and he grunted, pulling her in close as they both finished out.

The former clown went still as his head dropped back into the soft mat. Beverly was straddling him, her juices gushing from inside of her as she felt him still hard inside of her.

She looked at him as his head lolled back, mouth open, and he got the same look she had seen before, a look as if he was ingesting something, savoring it, feeding off of it.

His eyes were blue again and unfocused, so he was entirely unprepared for the knife that tore through his bare flesh and plunged into the place where a beating heart should be.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thanks for reading! I'm trying to clean this chapter up a little as I wanted to add a lot more, but didn't have enough time.

4. Field

Summary for the Chapter:

The Losers strive to finish what they started.

Stanley Uris came to in the dark, soaked in water and hurting everywhere. Looking up, he saw a faint ring of light from where he had fallen. He tried to move and soon realized that his leg couldn't support his weight. Panic began to set in when he realized that he was probably down here with Henry Bowers.

Stan remembered his flashlight and pulled his bag from his back. He rooted around in the front pocket where he had tucked the large metal torch and found it empty.

Oh god, no, Stanley cried internally. Please, no!

The flashlight must have fallen out of his bag during his drop. He splashed around frantically in the dark, trying to keep off of his bad leg. The smell of the vile water clung to his nostrils and his fear of the dark and the unknown was overpowering. His hands felt along the stone floor, feeling mud and muck and slipper moss, but he kept searching. His hand hit something wet, squishy, and fleshy and he recoiled with a small yelp, realizing he had touched Henry Bowers' bashed in brains. No, it was just a bloated dead rat.

Stan hyperventilated like one of Eddie's asthma attacks and tried to calm his breathing. Looking up at the ring of light again, he wished he was up there instead of down here amidst the unknown. He found his courage and plunged his hands into the slime again, feeling around. His hand came to rest on something hard and metal and he plucked his flashlight from the grimy bottom. Shaking the water from it, Stan attempted to turn the thing on. There was no light.

Stan heard something echo from the chambers around him and hastily started unscrewing the cap. Fingers shaking, it felt like it took forever to come undone. A sound echoed again. It sounded almost like a voice... almost.

Stan dumped the batteries into his hand then took a piece of his shirt and began drying the inside of the light. There was the sound again, closer now!

Stan went to clean the batteries as he chest rose and fell rapidly, hands going cold and sweaty. One of the batteries slipped through his fingers and splashed into the water at his feet.

“No!” He said loudly and crouched, feeling around for the battery desperately. There was something in the chamber with him. No! God no! Stan’s mind screamed.

He dried the battery and popped it back into the tube and the second one followed. Now the cap, screw on the cap, hurry!

He screwed it tight and the light came on once all the required pieces were connected fully. Stan backed against the wall and rapidly scanned the chamber.

Nothing.

He gasped the stale air and watched the light from the torch convulse as his hands shook. Please don’t let anything be down here, he begged silently. Dreadfully long moments passed and he dared not move, except for the involuntary shaking of his hands. At last, his breathing began to calm, and he was convinced he was alone.

A figure suddenly stepped out from behind a wall and materialized in Stan’s view.

He screamed and the figure lurched at him. Stan’s mind disbelieved, but no matter what he thought, the creature was still there. Hadn’t he seen this thing in one of those old black and white movies? What what the creature from the black lagoon doing down here? He didn’t care how or why, all he knew was that it was suddenly on top of him, dropping him down into the water where his head hit the brick floor.

The thing climbed on top of him, wrapping sludgy fingers around his neck. Stan fought back, bringing the flashlight to the thing’s skull as hard as he could. The light darkened when he connected and he felt the thing falter. The light came back on and he hit the creature’s

head again, the light failing once more.

When the light came back on, instead of the creature from the black lagoon, the clown was on top of him, eyes yellow and teeth sharp. This was much more frightening for Stan and he struggled desperately.

The clown knocked the light from Stan's hand and it flew through the air, hitting a part of the chamber that wasn't submerged and then skidding across the floor where it came to rest, back lighting the clown's crazy orange hair and lanky figure.

The clown pinned Stan's arms beneath him as Stan hollered loudly, expelling every last bit of air from his lungs. Pennywise cackled with his spittle hitting Stan's face. He seemed to enjoy this very much.

Pennywise lunged and bit down on Stan's exposed arm with razor-sharp teeth, tearing a chunk out and letting the flesh dangle on his lips, before slurping it down. Stan's vision began to swim. There was pain and blood, oh so much blood. He wanted to throw up at the sight of it, his own blood draining from his body! His life force ebbed away and his world spun until darkness enveloped him.

When Stan came to Ben was standing over him, tearing pieces from his jacket and plugging Stan's wound.

"Stay with me," Ben commanded. "You're going to be alright."

"W-what..." Stan began.

"No, no, I'm here now; it's OK."

"You're IT," Stan began to squirm, looking frightened.

"I'm not. It's me Ben. Please believe me, I'm trying to help you!"

"Why are you alone then?" Stan's eyes looked wild with terror.

"I got separated from the rest. But I knew where you would be," Ben replied calmly, wrapping a strip tightly around Stan's arm to keep the

hard wads against the wound.

“No... no! IT was here, I know it!” Stan cried. “Why aren’t I dead.”

“I got here just in time. I saw IT over you and I took a chunk of rock and bashed IT in IT’s bulbous head. Blood sprayed everywhere. The weirdest thing was that it started floating in the air, as if defying gravity! I bashed IT in the head again and again and the more I hit IT, the more blood came out. When I went to bash it again, IT’s body deflated, like a balloon, and melted into the floor,” Ben explained calmly.

“Is... is IT dead?” Stan asked, hopeful.

“I don’t know.” Ben looked down at his hands. “I don’t think so.”

Stan felt a shudder run through his body and Ben moved to tie the last of the cloth hard, so it constricted Ben’s arm.

“Can you walk?” Ben asked. “We need to find the others.”

“No...” Stan replied somberly. “Just leave me.”

“What?” Ben asked in surprise. “I’m not doing that.”

“I can barely move,” Stan began to cry. “I’ll get us both killed.”

“I am NOT leaving you,” Ben said firmly. “Now take my arm and lean on me. We can do this.”

Stan closed his mouth and looked up hopefully at Ben. He didn’t know how someone like him could have so much courage at a time like this. Maybe it was weathering all those beatings by Henry Bowers, Stan thought bitterly.

He reached out and took Ben’s hand.

“Eddie... Eddie,” Called a sing-song voice. Eddie turned around, squinting down the tunnel. “It’s time to take your medicine Eddie,” the voice called again.

"I've got my medicine right here ma!" Eddie called back.

"Oh, no you don't honey, you forgot some!" The voice called back.

"No, I remember checking it all before I left!" Eddie started to feel uncomfortable. "Did you... did you follow me down here?"

"Of course silly! You forgot your medicine."

Eddie faltered. The skin under his cast started to feel incredibly itchy and he picked at it, trying to wedge a finger underneath.

"Stay right there and I'll bring it to you!"

Eddie squinted into the dark, but couldn't see his mother anywhere. He really should be getting back to his friends, he thought. What if this was just his mind playing tricks on him? Was his mother actually there?

"No ma! Go back home! I gotta... uh... get going!"

Eddie turned, wondering where Richie and the rest had gotten to. The tunnel had grown incredibly quiet. No longer could Eddie hear the dripping sounds of water, nor the splashing from his friend's feet. It was as if everything suddenly stopped moving and he was in some bizzaro twilight world.

Eddie turned again to look in the direction of his mother's voice and standing mere inches away was the clown.

"Hiya Eds," the clown said in a low, grating voice, his eyes wide and bloodshot, his blood-red mouth upturned sadistically.

Eddie stumbled backward, mouth agape and froze like a deer in headlights. He still hadn't gotten over his last encounter with this evil fucking clown, that time where he broke his arm and had nearly gotten eaten. He had nightmares every night of that monster twisting and popping its way out of the fridge. Nowhere was safe when it could be anywhere, get anywhere. This was his literal nightmare.

The clown licked his lips and tapped his white-gloved fingers on each other. They made a weird clicking sound where there shouldn't be

one.

Eddie felt something giving out and realized through his panic that he was pissing his pants. Hot urine streamed down his legs and the clown, seeing this, giggled.

“Don’t be shy. You’re not the first one to have done that, you know,” The clown mocked, his devilish yellow eyes never blinking or leaving Eddie’s face.

Eddie screamed and screamed and screamed as the clown grabbed him by the arms and licked a long, slow streak up his face. Eddie fought and squirmed, completely having lost his mind.

“Mmm, tasty,” Pennywise said. “I’m going to enjoy eating you.”

“...but first!” Pennywise raised a finger, “It’s time to take your medicine.”

The clown’s face stretched and popped, his eyes rolling back in his head as toothy mandibles protruded from the stretched skin of the mouth. There was something back there, something glowing, he just had to take a closer look and see what it was. He really wanted to find out, to crawl in and see, he needed to...

“Hey dickface!” Richie screamed. “Dodge this!”

A bat cracked into the clown’s forehead, sending it stumbling backwards and Eddie was suddenly free from the trance. Richie grabbed Eddie by the hand, screaming in his ear, “RUN!”

From what Eddie could tell, Richie had grabbed the bat from Eddie’s backpack and had used it on the clown’s face. Now the two were running for their lives, hoping to be free from their tormentor.

When they didn’t think they could run anymore, they both stopped, panting and looking anxiously behind them.

“Y-you saved my life,” Eddie said, trembling.

“Yeah, well I’m sure you’ll get a chance to save mine too,” Richie said a little too cheerfully.

“Oh god...” Eddie put his face in his hands, still shaking and mortified.

“Please promise me you won’t tell Bill and the others.”

Richie glanced down at Eddie’s soaked pants and nodded, pulling the scared kid in for a hug.

“I promise, big guy. I promise.”

Pennywise looked momentarily surprised and turned back into his clown form right before Beverly’s eyes. He shoved her hard and she went flying backwards, skidding across the floor and tumbling a couple of times.

“What have you done?” He screamed, grasping at the knife in his chest, but not pulling it out.

She looked up and saw that black-colored blood began to flow from the wound, hanging weirdly in the air instead of dropping to the ground. He yelled again angrily and shoved his feet into the ground, kicking and propelling himself backward.

“What have you done?” He screamed again and his voice reverberated around the room they were in. He propelled himself into a large metal pipe and sat propped up by it.

Beverly pushed herself up to her knees and then slowly got up, a little horrified at the sight in front of her. Her heart beat louder and faster in her chest as she watched him start choking up thick, black, viscous blood. He made wheezing noises as he still gripped the knife in his chest with both hands.

Beverly was grateful that she had the knife on her. She saw Ben drop it in the water and she picked it up and wiped it off, preparing to give it back to him before she stuck it in the back of her shirt, but when she looked for him, he was gone.

Given that Pennywise had so easily disarmed her of the metal spike, she knew she had to get him to let his guard down before using the

knife. She had learned that he had a weakness that night that they were together in her bedroom and her father burst in. It wasn't hard at all to put two-and-two together when she saw how he reacted to the intrusion.

"Why?" He growled at her and then choked some more, blood running up his white painted face.

"For Georgie and Bill and the others," she stated, a tear falling down her cheek.

The clown shook a little and his face took on an odd tone and appearance, as if he were having trouble keeping his form together at all.

"You... could have... had it all," Pennywise sputtered and coughed, still grasping the knife hilt.

"I don't want whatever it is you're offering! I want a normal life where I have the opportunity to be loved by someone. Loved by a normal human man! Not kept as a pet by you... whatever you are!" Beverly shrieked and put her hands to her face, crying.

The clown's eyes drifted to the ceiling, becoming unfocused and he looked as if he were watching something that wasn't there.

Beverly heard noises behind her and spun to see Bill and the others rush into the room, Mike and Ben each had one of Stanley's arms around their shoulders and he looked as if one of his feet couldn't support weight.

"Bill!" She said relieved, rushing to him and embracing him. He hugged her back, but kept his eyes on the clown.

"W-what h-h-happened?" Bill asked gesturing to Pennywise on the opposite side of the room.

Ben noticed the knife in Pennywise's chest for the first time and had to do a double take. It was HIS knife. How did it get there?

"You kids... came... all this way..." Pennywise sputtered. "...to be... my meal?" He smiled despite everything.

Bill's face went hard and he took the bat from Richie. He walked over to the clown and stood over him. Pennywise smiled up at him.

"Your brother... cried... for hours... after... I bit his arm... off." More black goo rose off of Pennywise and into the air. "I kept him... alive... for days... savoring... his fear."

Bill's knuckles tightened around the bat as Beverly watched on in horror, more tears streaming from her face.

"He was... such... a delicious... snack." Pennywise chuckled and coughed. "He cried out... your name... for three... days... straight... but you... you... never came."

Pennywise still had a sadistic look on his face, despite his rather poor appearance and Bill's bottom lip quivered, his eyes brimming with tears.

"What kind of... person..." Pennywise shook more, "...can't even... protect... his younger brother?"

Bill was the one who shook then and let out a great cry of pain, anger, and fury. He took the bat and swung it down with every inch of force his body could muster. Pennywise's eyes rolled back and the bat slammed down on the hilt of the knife in the clown's chest. All at once the crown crumbled into pieces, like porcelain shattering on the floor, and the knife dropped into the dirt, sticking there upwards.

Bill dropped the bat and sunk to his knees, sobbing. The Losers raced over and embraced him as he cried.

It floated in the void, for eternity it was a consciousness that lay dormant in the deepest and darkest recesses of the inbetween. Reaching out, it slept, and sought, and was. Without a sense of self, it called out to others. But no one came. It was alone. Perhaps it was the only consciousness that was and to be alone felt infinite, crushing, maddening.

Then there was a light and the darkness ceased to be darkness. It was drawn to it and traveled for eons to reach the light. Passing through

the light it found itself at the heart of something. Something just forming and taking shape, without intelligence, without consciousness, it was.

So it would wait in the light for the time to come, until the thing grew and formed and birthed. The darkness at the heart of the light, the light at the heart of the darkness, it slept.

It awoke.

Something called to it and it awoke.

Feeble and small, it awoke, its life force draining from it.

How long had its life gone on in the same manner? Apart of nothing, apart of something? It did not know.

It reached out, prodding with invisible feelers. It stretched.

There was a noise. Something cried out far above it. Something, something!

It rose. It sought. It climbed.

So weak, so small, it traveled. It's final journey?

A life force.

The life force of another above, above! Also weak, also small, giving out, failing.

The life force of two. One small and weak, the other thriving, living, BEING.

It rose and found the one who called.

The blonde woman lay against the grass, her throat cut. She held the skin there, as if to keep her life blood from flowing out of her body. But it was flowing, escaping, making an exit around tiny fingers that

grew weaker and weaker.

The dark haired man stood above, watching the woman die on the grass. He held the implement in his hand, the one that ushered in her death. He was powerful, he was alive! He savored his kill.

The small lights twinkled into view, so small and unseen by the two that it could observe unhindered. The woman's life force bled out of her and would soon be gone completely. The man fed on her essence and grew. All around the small lights could sense the cycle of death, consumption, rebirth. A frog ate the insect, the fox ate the rabbit, the hunter ate the deer. To stay alive meant to kill and consume.

But it could not consume. It did not have a mouth. It was not of this world.

It reached out to consume something else and fed, and fed, and fed, soon growing stronger, brighter, more clear.

The last light in the woman's eyes died and it had finished its consumption. It could now seek, and consume more, and grow.

Reaching into itself it found the need to change triggered something. It formed a shape that was adequate for the things it needed. No longer light, it was solid, made physical. It had a mouth, it could consume.

It stepped out from behind a tree and the man looked up, startled. The man gripped the knife tightly in his hand, ready to strike, but not moving. He stared at the person before him and shivered, although the weather wasn't cold. Something was off with the eyes, with the way it stood and walked and didn't speak.

"What are you?" The man's voice wavered.

Slowly, "What... are you?" It mimicked back.

The once-strong man faltered, feeling a great sense of unease rise within him and he stepped back.

"What's wrong with you?"

“What’s wrong with you?” It mimicked back with a flat intonation.

Its right eye stared at the man as he began to sweat, while the other one drifted off to the side. It walked forward with clunky moves, the feeling of wearing the body like a suit that weighed it down. It made jerky abnormal movements.

“I think you need help,” the man said uneasily, shaking now, but unsure why.

“I think you need help,” it said with a weird intonation now, as if it was trying out the sound of its voice.

It could feel the man tremble and it could SEE everything. Feel everything as it drew the man’s energy in. The man dropped the knife and turned to run. It didn’t want the man to run.

It reached out and suddenly it was there, grasping the man. The mouth of the fox tore at the man’s flesh, causing him to scream and then gurgle as blood filled his throat. The man’s life force thrummed and then waned. It consumed.

A couple of hunters, hearing screams in the distance made their way to the source of the noise. When they arrived, the scene gave them a shock. An odd-looking man sat between two bodies, both torn open and looking like they were mauled by a beast. The man’s face, chest, hands, and arms were covered entirely in blood. His eyes were unfocused, but then pointed at them when they came into view.

The hunters looked at each other, horrified.

“I think you need help,” the man said in a weird tone and the hunters stared.

“What’s wrong with you?” The blood-soaked man asked.

“What’s wrong with you?” He asked again

“I think you need help.” He said again.

“What are you?” He asked.

The hunters realized what had transpired and they raised their rifles, training it on the mad-man. They closed on him quickly and bound his hands and feet in rope. His eyes went blank; he had been sated.

They took the gore-covered man back to town where he was confined and a party was sent out to assess the crime scene.

A guard was posted at the locked cage and he threw in bread and water, but the prisoner didn't seem interested in it. His only action was to sit and stare at the same spot the whole time.

The next morning when they came to check up on the prisoner, they found the guard inside of the cage, his body mangled beyond comprehension. A few of them retched when they realized that the guard had been forced through the bar, parts of his body popping and breaking under the force required to get him through.

They hung the strange man that morning.

When the hangman released the rope, for the body to be collected and buried, he stood, surprising everyone who had gathered in the town square, and was promptly hung again.

They hung him seven times in total and each time he got back up. By this time the townspeople were in an absolute frenzy. A scare ran through the small town, claiming that the devil had visited them. Satan himself!

They cut off his head twenty times, just to watch it regrow, and each time their fervor reached an even higher pitch.

The man took everything in stride, unblinking, eyes empty and unfocused.

He fed on their fear as they killed him over and over again. Oh how they had so much to give!

They took to burning him the next day. Over and over they burned him or stuck him with hot pokers and sharp instruments, only to watch his body reform again and again.

The third day they crushed him, impaled him, and quartered him with horses. The people began to cry and scream that their town was doomed because they could not kill this man. One woman, so worked up into a fright, smothered her own baby in fear that Satan would take it for its own. Men began fighting among each other, which turned deadly as they issued each other challenges and stabbed each other with swords.

On the fourth day they released dogs upon his body, drowned him, and threw him from high places. The fourth day was the worst of all. The priest claimed that the town had brought this on themselves by shunning god and that they all needed to be cleansed. A faction broke off supporting the priest who then burned villagers at the stake for previous small slights.

On the 5th day the town mayor announced that the man was to be cut into tiny pieces, so tiny that he could never reconstitute himself, and spread to the four winds, fed to animals, buried, dumped into water, all so his body could never come back.

The priests' faction stormed houses and drug children out of their bed to burn at the stake, claiming that the end was nigh and that they needed to be sent clean back to heaven before hell descended on the earth. Any who stood in their way were cut down, so parents began to give the children over in order to spare themselves. Some children ran from the town in terror and were chased down by hunting parties. Only one child escaped the madness. Almost all were brought back screaming at the horror that was about to befall them. The children's fear was the sweetest taste of all. Some would observe the prisoner begin to drool as they lit the children on their pyres and they screamed, eyes smoking and popping in their heads before their lungs finally gave out.

On the 6th day they began to cut the man into pieces. All remaining townspeople took to wearing black as in the night the priest's faction killed the mayor and took over, with the head priest now in charge of the town. But try as they might, the man could not be cut fast enough before he reformed. For ten hours they sweated and cut him, his blood staining their bodies and salting the earth. They needed a new plan.

On the 7th day they killed the man. Each took a sharp knife and cut him, throwing the flesh to the dogs or eating it themselves, until there was nothing left.

The one child who had escaped relayed the story of utter madness to the next town over and they came, all able-bodied men in force, to find the townspeople eating from each other's flesh, all children burned alive, speaking of the apocalypse and the anti-Christ. The militia took each person and hung them from their necks until dead. The entire town was razed to the ground, leaving only a field where the town of Derry once stood.

5. Home

Summary for the Chapter:

Returning.

27 years later.

It came back. It had floated in the void for so long, regaining strength there until it could re-form its body. Hunger called out to It and so It came back, needing a shape to feed. Its very first physical body had been destroyed, but It could make another. It needed to make another.

In the long years It rested, It only had the company of certain thoughts drifting through its mind, certain experiences. The first was the beautiful pleasure of its first kill and feeding and the second was the pain inflicted on It at the hands of the Derry townspeople.

It seemed to have brought a certain madness with it to this town, Its timeless eldritch form so unfathomable to the fragile human psyche that It caused unspeakable terror to those in its proximity. The humans had ended up destroying themselves and in the process, invigorated It.

It needed more.

The town of Derry had been built back up since its razing and new settlers moved in, unaware of the town's history. Families of men, women, and children moved into the town, bringing a new cycle of life, death, and rebirth. It was part of that cycle now too as its rebirth drew near.

A traveling circus came to town, setting up in the field where the townspeople once hung. Circuses were all the rage in France and new-world settlers marvelled at the joviality and newness of this European craze. The children especially found the circus to be awe-striking, distracting them from the bleakness of life in colonial America. A favorite among them were the odd-looking clowns with their funny hair and patched together garbs.

It traveled in the darkness, approaching the location where it sensed a throng of people. So many emotions! Jumbling, tumbling, roiling all over, they called to It unwittingly.

A man opened a tent flap next to a circus cart and entered. A clown looked up from the mirror, applying the finishing touches of his makeup. The man stood there, staring at the clown with big blue eyes.

“Wrong tent. You’re looking for the big one over yonder.”

The clown smacked its red lips together and put the rouge down on the wooden vanity. The man said nothing. The clown turned.

“Hey, didn’t you hear me?”

The clown gave the man an odd look as the man stared at him.

“Alright, alright, I’ll give you a little preview then,” the clown said defeatedly and put his hands on his hips.

He stood and finished buttoning the front of his silver suit with cream ruffles and big fluffy red buttons. His hair was colored orange and stuck out from his head in tufts and his face was painted stark white, a big red smile drawn on his lips and up past his eyes.

“Who are you good Sir? I’m Pennywise, the dancing clown!” The clown giggled, putting on an act.

The man’s face remained impassive.

“Also known as Robert Gray,” the clown added in a whisper, giggling again.

“I’m Pennywise the dancing clown,” the dark-haired, blue eyed man repeated.

The clown shook his head. “No, no. I’M Pennywise the dancing clown, and you are?”

“I’m Pennywise the dancing clown,” the strange man said again with a flat affect.

The clown sighed and then shivered suddenly, as if a cool chill went through the tent.

“Is there something... wrong with you?” The clown asked.

“Is there something wrong with you?” The man parroted.

The clown became annoyed at the odd man’s mannerisms, suddenly tired of him.

“Look, I’m about to go perform. If you want to see the performance, go take a seat in the big tent.”

The clown turned back to the mirror and started adjusting his suit again, but a weird sound came from behind. The clown spun to see the strange man behind him, making an odd sound that sounded like the mix of a growl and a gurgle.

“Get out of here, why don’t you?” The clown said more scared and annoyed now, unsure why this man affected him so.

The man leapt forward, teeth appearing in his mouth, and the clown jumped back, bumping into the mirror and causing it to rattle. The man’s teeth ripped into the clown’s throat and the clown screamed out, terrified. Soon enough, the clown’s wails turned into gasping and choking for breath as he fell back on the hay-lined floor.

The odd man bent over the clown and held the painted face in his hands as the clown lay dying. The man closed his eyes and savored the fear and death before him as the clown’s blood dripped from his lips.

The clown’s rapid breaths and choking became fainter until they stopped completely, the light fading from his eyes. The man let the head go, a satisfied look on his face. As he did so, cheers rang out in the night and the man looked up from the clown’s dead body. He could hear an announcer speaking from a nearby tent, hyping up a crowd and getting them ready to see Pennywise the clown.

The man stood up from the body, now wearing the suit of the clown, his face painted in kind, and orange hair standing on end in tufts. He smiled, his red lips pulling up at the corners.

"I'm Pennywise the dancing clown," he practiced, a little more nuance in his voice.

"Pennywise," he said again, testing the word on his newly-formed tongue as he looked in the mirror and watched his human-shaped face move as he tested different words and facial expressions.

Pennywise the clown stepped from the tent into the warm summer air.

The screams that soon came from the circus tent rang-out into the night.

Beverly Marsh awoke with a start. She had that same dream again, the one about the man who was tortured by a whole town for seven days straight before he was finally killed.

She wiped the sweat from her brow and felt her damp bed sheets in disgust. That dream always bothered her and she wondered why she kept having it over the years. It started around the time she moved to Portland with her aunt. She felt like it should become rote by now, but it never did. She sometimes felt the man's pain as implements tore into his body and she would awake, aching all over. Sometimes, the man was aware of her presence in the dream, and he would turn and stare at her as his blood poured from his body. She would awake and could see the man's face in her mind until it rapidly slipped away. She always reached out to grasp the memory of it, but it always left her, that is until the next dream came.

She was snapped out of her thoughts by the door to the bedroom opening.

"Mom, someone's on the phone for you."

Beverly looked up at her son, 11 year old Cale Marsh. He was the spitting image of her, sporting a mop of ginger hair, freckles, and blue eyes. He was everything to her and she would give her life for him in an instant.

"Who is it, Cale?"

“I don’t know, mom, he wouldn’t say.”

Cale spun the hockey stick he was holding around in his hand. She had forgotten that she had promised to take him to practice today. Now that the summer had rolled around, they played a lot indoors and Cale was very dedicated to his team and the sport alike.

“Alright, I’m getting out of bed. I haven’t forgotten about taking you to practice either.”

Beverly swung her feet around to the floor and rose, stretching.

“Go eat something hon,” she lightly requested.

Cale walked towards the kitchen and she pulled on some pants and put on slippers, following soon after.

Beverly picked up the phone handle that was laid to rest on a nearby table and greeted, “Hello?”

“Beverly? Beverly Marsh?” The voice asked.

“Yes, who’s this?”

“It’s me... Mike,” The voice said with hesitancy.

“Mike?” Beverly sounded confused.

“Mike Hanlon,” he said.

There was a long pause on the phone, as if Beverly hasn’t registered anything that was said to her.

“You remember me, don’t you?” Mike asked. “We knew each other from Derry.”

Beverly didn’t respond. Mike could hear her breathing into the phone.

“I remember,” she finally replied, softly.

In truth, Beverly hadn’t remembered. At least, not until he mentioned Derry. Now bits and pieces bobbed at the edges of her mind.

Something had happened in Derry. Something...

Her hands trembled, the phone shaking in her grip.

"Moouoooooom?" Cale called out. "There's no milk left!"

Beverly didn't reply.

"You have a son?" Mike asked. " And are you married?"

Beverly took in a big gulp of air.

"W-what is it Mike?" She didn't answer his questions.

"I need to speak with you Beverly. Can I..." Mike trailed off. "Can I come out there in person?"

Beverly's hand shook even more and she was suddenly afraid that the phone would fall from her hands and she wouldn't be able to pick it up again. She dreaded whatever Mike was about to say next. She wanted to scream out, NO! And slam the phone down. She didn't want to hear what he had to say. Part of her knew what it was going to be about and she prayed she was wrong. She didn't want to remember, she didn't want to remember! She told herself over and over.

"Yes, Mike," Beverly said, her voice trembling.

"Can you be here tonight? I bought a ticket for you."

"Yes," she began to say, but then realized that she never gave Mike any of her information.

"I've kept tabs on you," Mike interjected hastily, as if reading the concern on her voice. "On all of you."

All of us? She wondered. That's right, Ben, Richie, Eddie, Stan, Bill... Bill! How could she forget Bill Denbrough? How could she forget the promise?

"The ticket will be waiting for you at the counter. Six pm," Mike instructed.

Beverly held her breath as if waiting for something, hoping for Mike to cancel, or tell her he made a mistake, but that never.

“I look forward to seeing you again, Bev,” Mike told her, a little more tenderly.

“I’ll be there,” she whispered.

Beverly dropped her son Cale off at hockey practice, explaining to him in the car that she needed to take a business trip and that her best friend Tracy would be picking him up from practice and he would be staying at her place.

She ruffled his hair and kissed him on the cheek, hoping desperately that she would be seeing him again.

In the plane Beverly ordered a cocktail and then dozed off after finishing it. Her dreams consisted of Derry, a derry she had forgotten about; Bill Denbrough and their first kiss, she had forgotten Bill too; and the clown Pennywise, an entity she wished she had forgotten entirely and almost had, until Mike called.

In her dream she ran in the maze of the sewers with Pennywise chasing after her. Her friends were there and they ran too, each disappearing into the darkness and leaving her to call out to them desperately. Finally, Bill disappeared and Pennywise took her and started kissing her and she kissed him back. She felt unsettled at the way her body reacted to him, wanting his mouth on every part of her, needing him. She stabbed him and then cried as the betrayal became evident on his face. “I’m sorry she said,” reaching out to him as he scattered into dust in her finger. “Please come back!”

Beverly woke with a start as the fasten seat belt noise came on, her seatmate looking directly at her. She rubbed the tears from her eyes and realized she must have called out in her sleep.

Stepping out of the airport into the Derry night felt strange to her, unreal. She hailed a cab and directed it to the house scrawled hastily on a piece of paper. The summer evenings were long and light was

still in the sky, so she got a good look at the town she once knew. Some things were new, things she didn't remember from before, while others were even more dilapidated than they had been in her teenage years.

Beverly had been the last one to arrive and greeted the group of her old friends, amazed at how some of them had filled out. She was surprised to find that Bill hadn't exactly gotten handsomer, but Richie had filled out quite nice and so did Ben. Ben of all people! He now looked like some sort of Fabio, not including the terrible long hair.

The group talked, catching up on old times as they drank beers and joked. Richie was as funny as ever seeing how he was some sort of comedian or radio personality now. Bill had realized his dream of becoming a published author, Eddie claimed he owned a Limo company and slept with his mother--gross, Beverly thought, but understood what he meant, she also had a bad habit of hooking up with men who reminded her a lot of her father--Ben was an architect now, and Stan wasn't there for some reason. Sadly, she thought, Mike had stayed in Derry.

"Does anyone have children yet?" Eddie called out and Beverly felt her face begin to burn and turned away.

"Beverly does, don't you?" Mike asked addressing Beverly and the group turned to look at her, surprise registering on their faces.

"I..." Beverly began and swallowed hard, her mouth suddenly dry.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Mike apologized when he realized how she and the group reacted to the news.

"You do?" Bill asked, looking surprised.

"Got a picture?" Richie asked.

"Yeah..." Beverly fished around in her purse and pulled out a small color photo. "This is from the school year. His name is Cale."

Beverly passed it to the left and Ben took it, glanced at it and passed it along. Bill was the last one to receive the photo and he stared for what felt like forever and then handed it back to Beverly, the whole

group suddenly silent.

Mike cleared his throat and Beverly was thankful that he drew the attention from her.

"The reason why I have called you all here is not easy for me to say," Mike began but then went quiet, as if not sure how to continue.

"It's the clown, isn't it?" Eddie asked flatly.

Someone inhaled sharply.

"Yes," Mike answered. "I had to know before I called you, but I'm sure of it now, It's back."

"So we didn't kill it then," Bill mumbled, trying not to stutter.

"It would seem not, but..." Mike trailed off and the group looked up, "we will this time."

"We will?" Ben asked, fear creeping into his previously confident voice.

Beverly's stomach started to feel sick and she held it, her eyes trained on Mike.

"I've figured out a spell we can cast, or ritual, if you want to call it that, that will essentially bind it to this Earth, making it possible to kill."

"Spell? Ritual?" Ritchie blurted out suddenly, as if disbelieving. "What makes you think such a thing will work?"

"I've had some help," Mike answered. "I stayed behind here in Derry so I would be ready when the moment came; I've been researching this whole time and I've been ready for this moment. This will work."

Bill looked uneasy and mumbled, "I've been r-ready for this moment since, s-since that thing killed Georgie." He wasn't able to keep the stutter that he had trained out of his voice away now.

"There's some things you need to know first," Mike continued. "I've

done some digging and found out some things I wasn't supposed to find. Things no one was supposed to know."

Beverly didn't know why, but her stomach twisted even harder now.

"After chumming up to certain people and greasing some palms for years, I was finally granted access to the town archives."

The group began to sit forward, intent on hearing what Mike had to say.

"Once in the archives, it took another six months to build enough trust for them to leave me alone down there. I, of course, noticed an old desk hidden beneath stacks of books and shelves in the corner of the room. I studied the lock type and make of the desk when they weren't watching me and constructed a key, knowing that the time would come in which I would be able to use it unhindered. That day came and I tried the key. It worked! Inside the desk was a very old book, which smelled of dust and mold. I slipped that book into my bag and brought it home, making sure to place a decoy book inside, in case anyone went looking for it."

"You have the book now?" Eddie gasped.

"Yes," Mike said evenly.

"Well," Ben inquired, "what did you find?"

Mike stared off into space, his eyes unfocusing as if thinking on something. He finally continued.

"You all know of the Black Spot and the Derry Ironworks?" This wasn't so much a question from Mike, as a statement. "We discussed this as kids, about how these awful events keep happening every 27 years preceding the return of... IT."

Each person in the group nodded and Beverly felt bile rising to her throat.

"There was something that happened that was never in any book or published anywhere, not even in the archives proper..."

“Except that book,” Richie interrupted Mike.

“Except for this book,” Mike confirmed.

“Well, what was it?” Bill asked.

“Some of the first settlers to Maine founded the town of Derry, but what you don’t know is that this is not the original Derry.”

“What?” Eddie said out loud, voicing the shock that went through the group.

“The original settlement of Derry was over by where the old Ironworks used to be,” Mike stated.

“OK, well, what does that mean?” Ben inquired.

“The original Derry was razed to the ground, burned wholly, men, women, and children, all dead, by the neighboring town of Stuartsville, now known to us as Redding.”

“But why? Why would they do that?” Bill asked, sounding a little angry.

“The town was afflicted with an evil,” Mike stated simply.

“A real evil, or like, an imaginative colonial evil?” Richie asked.

“Well, I’ll tell you what happened and you can decide for yourselves.”

Beverly put her hands up to her temples, her head throbbing.

“Two hunters from Derry came upon a man in the forest. The man was covered in blood and sat in-between two bodies, that of a man and a woman, a husband and wife. They took the man back to town, thinking he had killed the two. The man never spoke a word, nor did he interact with any of the townspeople. They confined him and the next morning they found that the man had killed the guard from inside his cage.”

“Inside?” Ben whined, sounding like a little kid again. “Did the guard go into the cage?”

"No," Mike answered. "The guard had been grabbed and pulled through the cage, his body breaking and crushing in the process."

"WHAT THE FUCK!?" Eddie yelled, suddenly astonished, but Mike kept telling the story calmly.

"They hung the man that morning, but no matter how many times they hung him, he wouldn't die. They tried to execute this man for days, but not a thing they did could kill him. No pain inflicted upon this man could make him flinch and the town soon descended into madness, as they started to kill each other, believing the end had come."

"They drug the... " Mike faltered, showing the first sign of emotion that night, "the children out of their beds and burnt them on pyres."

Bill gasped, tears shining in his eyes.

"They finally killed the man by..."

"By eating his body," Beverly interrupted and everyone turned to look at her, their eyes wide in surprise.

"Yes, but how... how do you know that?" Mike replied.

"I- I just do," Beverly said softly, not telling the entire truth.

Mike gave her a quizzical look, as if he didn't believe her explanation, but finished his story.

"One child escaped the cruel fate of the others and ran to Stuartsville--Redding--telling them everything. They returned to the town and hung the remaining people for murder and cannibalism. They then burnt the entire town down."

"What does this have to do with anything?" Richie asked, suddenly sullen.

"27 years later," Mike replied, "a traveling circus came to the new town of Derry. During the act of a clown, forty nine people were murdered in the circus tent and the clown was found dead next to his own wagon, his throat seemingly ripped out by a wild animal."

“Oh god...” Bill let out, horrified.

“The town hung the circus performers for perpetuating such a great crime and piled their trash up, never stepping foot on that cursed ground again.”

“Until, they forgot,” Eddie said, shaking his head.

Beverly jumped up and ran to the sink, throwing up in it as the group all stared in disbelief.

“Bev, are you OK?” Ben jumped up and ran over to her.

Eddie’s hands shook.

“It was It, wasn’t it? It was the clown,” Eddie said, voice faltering.

Mike nodded and Richie looked away, not daring to make eye-contact with anyone.

“What the fuck is it!?” Bill cried out, hot tears spilling down his face.

“It’s an immortal entity that has preyed on Derry since its inception,” Mike answered.

Richie reached out and put his hand around Bill’s quaking shoulders, pulling him in.

“Why Derry? Why us? Why Georgie?” Bill cried.

Mike sighed. “I can’t exactly answer that. It may be that it happened upon this place by chance.”

Richie looked up with a stern face and gave Mike the “cut it out” signal with his hand.

“How do we even know what it is?” Eddie asked.

“The turtle told us,” Mike said.

“Turtle..?” Eddie’s mouth dropped open.

“At least it appears in that form,” Mike shrugged.

“So?” Eddie looked questioningly at Mike.

“They’re beings that exist in the macroverse,” Mike explained “Both of them, the turtle and It.”

Richie rolled his eyes. “Macroverse? What kind of Sci-fi bullshit is this?”

“You’re familiar with the many universes theory, yes? What do you think connects those universes?”

Richie sighed. “OK, OK, I get it.”

Bill looked up, wiping the tears from his eyes. “Wait, you said every 27 years. It’s only been twelve.”

“We interrupted It’s feeding last time, so it likely needed to come back earlier,” Mike concluded.

Ben and Beverly came back into the room and sat next to each other on the couch.

“Why can the turtle take care of It?” Eddie pleaded in a cowardly way.

“The turtle can’t get involved in the affairs of micro-universes, but it can influence them.”

“Oh, but It can do whatever the fuck it pleases?” Richie said snarkily.

“There are consequences for breaking the rules of the micro-universes,” Mike elaborated. “It’s likely going to get what’s coming to it.”

“So what did the turtle influence?” Eddie asked.

“He led me to a Massachusetts where I found a very specific book in a very old university.”

Mike paused, looking uncertain.

“This book is horrifying in it’s own right, but it also gives us the tools

we need.”

“Horrifying how?” Beverly asked, her voice hoarse.

“It details methods on how to summon denizens of the macroverse... Elder Gods.”

“Elder gods?” Richie’s face looked blank.

“G-go on, please,” Bill implored.

“One specific spell will give the god ‘flesh of the earth,’ or so the book says. I take that to mean it turns the god mortal, so we can kill it.”

“You’re guessing!?” Richie blurted out and jumped out of his chair.

Mike’s face went hard. “I’m not guessing, I’m making an educated conclusion based on years of research.”

“I believe you,” Bill stated and Richie looked down at him, face going soft.

“So what are we going to need?” Beverly asked.

“Seven people, for one,” Mike sighed, looking sad.

“So where’s Stan?” Ben asked.

Beverly Marsh lay in her bed that night staring at the picture of her son. Her heart felt heavy and had felt heavy ever since she took off in that plane to return to Derry and especially since learning of Stan’s suicide. She would give anything to see her son now and hold him close.

She rolled over on her back, placing the photograph over her heart, moonlight coming through the window and hitting her face.

A seventh, a seventh. Who could that be? She could only think of one person that was close enough to her to trust with being the seventh,

but he was too close to the situation. She was scared of the danger it would put him in and most especially she was scared of the others finding out. She was scared that they would find out that twelve years ago she took a home pregnancy test after moving to Portland and found out that she was pregnant.

She was scared that they would all find out that Cale Marsh, her beautiful ginger-haired son with the stunning blue eyes was HIS son.

6. Motel

Summary for the Chapter:

Beverly treads uneven ground.

Beverly had the same dream again that night. She was conscious of her body as she walked through tall pines and spruces under an overcast sky. Looking down from high on a hillside, she saw a town made of wood houses and smokestacks with children running to and fro and horses neighing in the distance. She was vaguely aware of the presence of another and she sought it out effortlessly as it called to her.

Rounding a corner, she came upon the first scene she always saw in the dream, the dead man and woman, bodies mangled, while the strange figure sat in-between them. She saw him from behind, his hands resting on his knees. They were covered in blood.

He turned and looked right at her and she was suddenly aware that she was no longer an observer in this dreamscape, but a participant.

The bloody man rose and turned to face her and she scrutinized the blood covering him from head to toe; from the smears around his mouth, across his chest and arms, right down to the blood coating his legs. His hands were marred the most, as if they had been dipped into a pot of the crimson goo.

Beverly inhaled sharply as the man took a step towards her. It was him: Pennywise, It, whatever it was called she didn't know.

He kept walking towards her and she felt herself go to meet him. When they were close enough to touch, he took her by the arms and pulled her in close, his mouth on her, his bloody face defiling hers. She kissed him back hungrily, eagerly, wanting him.

His hand trailed from her face, down her her arm leaving wet blood behind and he pulled away, much to her disappointment to look her in the eyes.

“Where are you?” She found herself asking.

“Here, with you,” he replied.

In the back of Beverly’s mind, something bothered her, but she wasn’t sure what it was yet. Pennywise licked his lips, tasting the savory blood there on them and his eyes flared.

“They’re going to kill you, aren’t they?” She remembered.

“Yes,” he answered plainly and then pushed her to the ground with him on top of her.

“Do you relive this moment?” She asked, confused.

“Yes,” he said again and covered her mouth with his.

Beverly felt herself respond to his touches and moaned underneath his kiss.

They broke and Pennywise spoke, “You came back.”

Now was her turn to reply in the affirmative. He slipped a bloody finger inside of her and she gasped, her walls contracting around his long digits. She could say whatever she wanted about hating him, in the end, it always came down to this, the way he made her feel when she was with him. She couldn’t say no to this.

He caressed her neck with his tongue as her hips rose to meet a second finger entering her. She could have come as he fucked her with his fingers alone, but she held back, wanting to savor it all.

“There’s something else you want, isn’t there?” He stated, rather than asked.

She let out another moan and didn’t answer.

“Would you rather I looked like dear old Bill?” His face changed now and older Bill was on top of her, fingers swirling inside as his thumb brushed her engorged clit. Beverly whined a little louder.

“How about new handsome Ben?” The shapeshifter inquired,

changing his face to Ben's new chiseled appearance and slipped another finger in. Her face was flushed, cheeks red and eyes hazy as she gasped for air in her delight.

"No, no, something else," his voice went lower.

The clown Pennywise appeared and giggled, "You want the clown, don't you?"

Beverly squirmed, having forgotten that face, but having longed for that face since the last time she saw him. The clown's left hand came up and deposited a bloodied thumb in her mouth and she sucked on it in her lust.

"You're practically sopping," the clown giggled again, fucking her pussy with his fingers after inserting a fourth.

Beverly pressed herself down on his hand, wanting more. He removed his thumb from her mouth and tore away her shirt, cupping a breast with claws that had sprouted.

Pennywise removed his fingers suddenly and she gasped at the lack of being filled.

"Ah, ah," he tutted and put the dripping fingers to his lips, sucking each one dry as she watched, frustrated at his denial of her pleasure.

"If you want it you're going to have to beg," he said huskily.

Color rose in her cheeks and ears as she burned with how badly she wanted to come underneath him, despite telling herself she hated him to the core.

"Please..." She mumbled.

"Please what?" He teased.

"Please... FUCK ME," She shouted. "I need to be fucked by you!"

"Good girl," he crooned, pinching her nipple with his left hand.

Pennywise sat back on his heels and grabbed her by both hips, with

his claws digging into her. She watched him through lust-heavy eyes as a large ridged penis grew from his clothes, purplish in hue. The clown's tongue flicked out across his face to clean the slobber and she noticed it was long, forked, and pointed at the ends.

She didn't care. She wanted so badly to be fucked by the monster dick that she ached for it to be inside of her and tried to move on top of it, but he held her in place, his eyes shining a bright yellow.

"If I'm going to fuck you, maybe you should apologize for killing me," he said with mirth.

She reacted with frustration, her head hitting the ground.

"I'm waiting," he sang, licking his lips again and digging his claws in her hips harder.

"I- I'm sorry!" She cried out.

"For what?"

"For tricking you!"

"And?"

"And for... killing you!"

"Why should I believe you?" He said teasingly and she groaned again, the juices flowing out of her and into the earth.

"Maybe you've been a bad little girl and need to be punished," the clown smirked.

"Yes," she agreed. "Punish me, please."

He chuckled and pulled her down onto him while thrusting at the same time and sunk his length into her the full way.

"Yes! Like that," she cried.

"Maybe I'll kill you after I fuck you," he growled.

She looked up at his painted blood-covered face and his reddish-

yellow tinged eyes and agreed.

“Yes!”

He thrust into her hard and fast, his mouth lolling open.

“Maybe I should slit your throat open and watch you bleed out as I fuck your body.”

His face became harder and more terrifying to her and she felt a twinge of fear. What if he wasn't joking? Her eyes went wide. What if he wanted to exact revenge on her?

Pennywise smiled and his teeth were rows of sharp fangs, as if he could hear her thoughts.

“Are you scared?” He said, voice low and hoarse. “You should be scared.”

“Y-yes,” she stammered, still completely turned on.

His pace quickened as if he liked her answer and she moaned, feeling the ridges on his penis hitting her g-spot over and over.

Could she die like this? Would she? She wondered. Maybe she could... if not for... what?

“Look at me, little girl,” he snarled grabbing her face and turning it toward him. Her eyes went wide as he let her go, dropping his clawed hand to her neck and squeezing it hard. She felt her eyes bulging, but could still breathe--barely!

Her head swam as he kept pumping into her, sending jolts of pleasure through her body with each stroke. The clown's tongue fell from his mouth, dribbling saliva on her hot skin, while his claws pressed into her throat. She felt her pleasure mounting as her vision blurred and she sucked in air, trying to bypass the constriction on her windpipe.

Harder and faster he fucked her, his eyes intense and never leaving her as she felt herself nearing the edge.

He took a hand from her throat and slashed it along her upper

breast, breast bone, and down to her stomach. She gasped and tingled as sticky blood poured out of her and he laughed.

Was he killing her?

His tongue licked along the gash, tasting her salty claret and she shivered, a faint delight coming to her mind at the thought of him feeding off of her.

Faster, harder, she was nearing the edge. He pressed a wet bloody mouth to hers and she kissed back eagerly, her hips rising to meet each thrust.

“Yes, eat me,” she begged, crying.

“Oh, I will,” he snarled.

She came like a tidal wave as her mind went black. She bawled and shivered and shook over and over as she rode his cock, her walls clenching down on the sweet shaft buried deep inside of her. She felt his cum gushing out in hot spurts like a fire burning her from deep within. It spewed between her legs and she used it as extra lubricant to keep riding the ridged monstrosity between her legs.

Beverly's body spasmed as she wrapped her arms around the creature's neck and buried her face in his hair. Somewhere her mind was faintly aware that he smelled like buttered popcorn, cotton-candy, and a hint of cinnamon.

Her mind lulled and gave out as she rode the last waves of her orgasm, pulling him down on top of her into the dirt. She felt complete satisfaction and wondered if the killing blow were to come now and if it did, she wasn't even sure she cared. To die right now in Pennywise's arms was to die in happiness.

The clown took her face in his hand and kissed her deep on the mouth. He tasted like caramel popcorn instead of blood this time. He kissed along her neck before whispering in her ear, “Next time, my dear.”

Suddenly she felt him stiffen and he said, “What are you hiding from me?”

Her bleary, tired eyes fluttered open.

Hiding? Was she hiding something? Oh yes, she was, wasn't she? Cale...

The clown pulled back and stared at her hard and she saw him through blurry vision as she closed her eyes once, twice, and on the third blink she was floating back into the darkness.

Beverly awoke, sunlight peeking around the curtains of her motel room. Her eyes blinked a couple of times as she took in the light. She felt euphoric that morning as if awaking from a really good dream.

That's right. She did have a dream.

It had been the same old nightmare, except this time it was different. Traces of her coitus with the clown flitted through her mind and she wondered if any of that had been real.

She closed her eyes and replayed the memory of his hands on her and inside of her. Penetrating her. She grew hot.

A harmless dream couldn't hurt, she tried reminding herself, even if she felt guilty about it.

She stirred and felt something weird, a wetness.

Her hand ran down her leg to slip under her panties. They were completely soaked and smelled vaguely of... caramel popcorn?

She shifted in the bed and could feel that it was not just her panties, but the sheets as well as the whole bed underneath her.

She groaned and tried to sit up, but gasped when she felt the pain--the pain around her neck, the pains in her hips, and the pain across her chest. She threw back the covers and looked down at her front, which had a large gash running from the top of her breast, down the middle of the breasts and into her side. Not only that, she was absolutely covered in blood.

Beverly screamed and threw herself from the bed, her foot tangling in the sheet and depositing her against the wall and on the floor. She looked at her body in a panic. The sight of blood frightened her. Most of all, it was her blood.

Someone pounded on her door and she jumped with a fright, crying out.

“Beverly!?” The voice yelled while she scrunched herself into a ball.

The realization dawned on her that it hadn’t been a dream at all.

A clicking noise came from the door and it was flung open with Bill rushing in, Ben following soon behind.

“Beverly, my god! What happened?” Shouted Bill.

“There’s so much blood...” Ben said, face looking ashen.

“Did he do this to you!? Did he hurt you!?” Bill cried out angrily, grasping her by the arm.

“Stop Bill, you’re scaring her!” Ben commanded.

Beverly felt like she was in a daze and only nodded in return to Bill’s question.

“That goddamn bastard!” Bill cursed, loosening his grip on her.

Ben came around to Beverly’s other side and bent down next to her.

“My God, look,” Ben said to Bill, pointing at Beverly’s neck where a clearly defined print of a clawed hand could be seen.

“Jesus...” Bill’s eyes went wide.

“This is bad,” Ben said nervously.

“I-I though it might be possible IT would try to go for one of us in the night, that’s why I had the hotel give me a copy of all the room keys,” Bill explained.

“I...” Ben was at a loss for words momentarily and then said, “We

need to get on with this then. IT isn't afraid to make moves."

"It has always been oddly fixated on Beverly," Bill stated, his eyes wandering her face for answers she couldn't give.

"Get her on the bed," Ben commanded and stood, walking swiftly to the bathroom where he dampened a rag.

Bill helped Beverly to her feet and sat her down on the bed.

"I-I'm s-sorry Bev, we gotta... take off your shirt," Bill said calmly.

"Guys," Beverly sighed, finally over the shock of seeing so much of her own blood. "I'll be fine."

Ben returned to her side with more towels.

"Please, Bev," he implored and she sighed again, lifting her shirt over her head.

Both men gasped, more so at the huge gash across her body than from seeing her womanly tits for the first time, but that was also notable for the two.

"B-b-b-Bev," Bill stuttered wildly, "this has to be treated."

"Yeah..." Ben trailed off, as if lost in a thought.

"So what am I going to say then if I go into a hospital? Attacked by a demon clown in the middle of the night? I don't think so."

"So, do you remember?" Bill asked, handing her a towel to clean and cover her chest with.

"Vaguely." Beverly looked away and looked like she knew more about what was going on then she let on to.

Ben brought the cool wash cloth up to her mouth and she looked startled, drawing away.

"Sorry Bev, you've got a lot of blood around your mouth too," Ben looked sheepish.

“I’ll wash the blood off in the shower.”

“M-mike w-was a medic in the Army. He should know how to sew this up,” Bill offered.

Her wound wasn’t bleeding at present so Beverly didn’t feel the need to rush.

“I’ll met you in 20 minutes and we can head over there.

“I’ll make sure everyone else is awake too,” Bill nodded.

Ben gave Beverly a smile and she smiled back at him warmly and the two men left her room.

When they closed the door she slumped back on the bed, remembering the full event.

It actually happened, she told herself. That meant IT expected them and IT would not give them any peace, her especially. But did she really want that? Her face began to burn at the memory of their sex acts and she muttered to herself, “He always could make me come.”

A childhood in Derry, largely forgotten about in the interim years was beginning to come back to her and she remembered burning for him, despite the need to destroy him for the sake of Derry and for the sake of Bill.

Bill... she scoffed. Well, he hadn’t turned out so hot, had he? Ben on the other hand. Who would have ever in a million years guessed?

January embers, she remembered, smiling to herself.

Her hand drifted lower into her underwear and she touched herself, intending to think of Ben or Bill, but the only face she could see was Pennywise and she soon came, raising the sticky fluid that was not hers up to her mouth and smelling the fragrant scent, licking it even.

The six Losers arrived at Mike’s house later that morning. Bill had already called Mike to appraise him of the situation and he was ready

with his medic kit which he kept after leaving the Army. He cleaned and dressed her wound, appraising that the gash wasn't deep enough to warrant stitches, but that she most definitely would have somewhat of a scar for a while.

"IT focused on her when we were kids too," Bill told Mike.

"I remember," Mike replied somberly. "Can you tell us what happened Beverly?"

Mike had a cool, trusting, non-judgmental face, one that she wouldn't mind disclosing certain things to, if the others had not been there.

Beverly bit her bottom lip worriedly, as if thinking real hard.

"When did you first realize IT was there?" Mike asked.

"I-I was having a dream," she faltered. "I thought it was a dream until I woke up covered in blood."

"What was the nature of the dream?" Mike asked and Bev felt like everyone was waiting on pins and needles for her answer.

"I... I don't know. He showed up, threatened me, cut me," Beverly said in a very general way.

"What was the setting of the dream?" Mike asked, still very calm.

"Old times, like maybe... a couple hundred years ago."

"How do you know?"

"I could tell by the clothes and by the town."

"There were others there?" Mike asked, a little more interest in his voice.

"There were two hunters with a man. They took him back to town and tried to execute him, but he wouldn't die."

"The secret history," Mike gasped. "The history I found hidden in Derry's archives. That's how you know."

The others glanced around, giving each other looks.

“Yes,” Beverly nodded her head and gave an involuntary shudder.

“What was IT doing in that dream?” Mike asked evenly.

“IT was the man they couldn’t kill.” She drew in a hard breath and put her hands to her face. Oh god, it was hard to reveal this. She hadn’t even known herself until... until when?

Mike and the others looked at her with concern and Mike put a hand over on her shoulder, soothing her.

“It’s not surprising that you had that dream given...” and Mike paused to find the right words. “Given your connection with IT.”

“Hey, just what are you saying?” Bill asked Mike angrily. “Beverly didn’t want to have anything to do with IT!”

“I know, I know,” Mike soothed Bill and Beverly both. “But IT’s marked Beverly in some way and that gives them a connection, one that he can exploit to his advantage. It goes both ways though. You can exploit it in return.”

Beverly looked up, tears shining at the brims of her eyes.

“This is going to be crucial in the spell we cast on him, are you aware of that and understand?”

Beverly nodded.

“As for the seventh,” Mike addressed the larger group, “It has to be someone close to the circle, someone related, which may be difficult.”

“I know who,” Beverly interjected. “My son Cale.”

“Your son!?” Ben said with concern.

“This does concern me,” Mike announced. “I also find it strange that you should have a son when none of the rest of us have children.”

Mike lowered his eyes and looked as if he were thinking heavily.

“Yes, this may work,” Mike mumbled. “I don’t know why, but I’m getting the feeling that this may work.”

“Surely you can’t think to bring a child into this?” Bill pointed out incredulously.

“It may be that the reason Beverly has a son when none of us do is so that he may be a part of this ritual.”

“Oh, come on!” Richie piped up. “I don’t believe in any of this ‘supposed-to-happen’ mumbo-jumbo.” Mike ignored him.

“Who’s the father?” Mike stared at Beverly directly and she looked away, suddenly very uncomfortable.

“I... I don’t know!” Beverly cried, hating that she was lying to her friends

“It’s ok Bev,” Ben calmed her. “You don’t have to answer this.” Ben gave a hard look to Mike as if saying what are you doing man? Can’t you see you’re making the lady uncomfortable?

Mike pulled a face to Ben’s own and then sighed.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm moving soon so I won't be able to update for about a week.